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LETTERS

exiles—Vietnamese and American

Montreal, Quebec
Of the 250,000 people in exile as a result of the war in Vietnam, half are Vietnamese and half are Americans. The Vietnamese, whose loyalty to Washington is taken for granted, will become American citizens, thanks to the speedy action of Congress in support of President Ford. The Americans, on the other hand, whose disloyalty to Washington is taken for granted, must seek action on their behalf elsewhere, thanks to the persistent refusal of Congress to accept its responsibility. Perhaps the earned reentry program should be seen as an accurate reflection of Congressional opinion.

Yet every day we read or hear reports of the lessons learned and policies reassessed, of new-found wisdom visited upon our Senators and Representatives. Now, either their claims to post-Vietnam clear-headedness are true, or they are false. If true, then the Americans still in exile as war resisters may expect relief in the form of a fair and unencumbered chance to resettle in America, the very thing the Vietnamese are getting. If false, then the posturing of many of our public men ought to cease. . . . *Thomas Apple*

Goldner's level

New York City
I found Nancy Goldner's critique of the Bolshoi absolutely magnificent. She shows an understanding of the dance that goes far beyond the typical reviewer's surface comprehension. . . .
Earl Ubell
NBC News

JFK's assassination and the war

Beverly Hills, Calif.
Reports urging re-examination of the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy have begun to stir throughout the land. These are no longer isolated situations of dissatisfaction with findings that lack the appearance of reason. They show now careful study and determination. Moreover, they suggest connections that go far beyond the assassination of one President of the United States. . . .

Suspecting the existence of such broad connections I wondered if they might include the so-called coup in Vietnam just three weeks before the assassination. Accordingly I went to Europe shortly after the assassination to make a probe of the coup. My particular purpose was to question Madame Nhu, widow of Ngo Dinh Nhu, one of the two leaders struck down in the coup. The other was his brother, Ngo Dinh Diem, the President of South Vietnam. Madame Nhu was active in the government there herself; after the coup she escaped to Rome.

I was able to arrange a meeting with her at the Vatican. I questioned her closely, through her son, on the events which preceded the coup, seeking especially to learn whether, in her opinion, Mr. Kennedy had supported it.

Madame Nhu informed me that, contrary to reports published here, the two brothers had sought to negotiate an end to the conflict, and that it was to prevent this that the coup was carried out. She declared emphatically that Mr. Kennedy had activated the brothers in this effort to achieve peace; he had no part in fomenting the coup.

In my opinion, the war, the coup and the Kennedy assassination are closely linked. Thus the necessity of covering up the assassination of a President with the insanely empty notion that no one but the reported assassin up had any part in it. Thus also the long history of assassination of foreign leaders, for a single purpose, the maintenance of armed conflict—and always on the same side, the support of large industry and wealth.

And if a coup in Vietnam, why not another in this country, for the same purpose? Our government has shown itself equal to the task. *George T. Altman*

EDITORIALS

Assassination Politics

The Rockefeller Commission was so heavily stacked with Establishment types that it lacked credibility from the start. Its mission was not to investigate but to save the CIA. The original mandate was narrowly defined: to investigate domestic espionage activities which might have violated the organization's charter. Later the President suggested that it should also undertake an investigation of any possible domestic involvement in political assassinations. To this end, the commission was given a sixty-day extension of time in which to file its report. But the commission, by unanimous vote, decided not to complete its investigation of assassination involvements and the President agreed. Now the main portion of the report has been released but not the portion that deals with assassination plots; this portion may—the President is purposefully vague—be released at some time in the future. Meanwhile, this incomplete portion of the report, together with materials the executive branch has gathered, will be turned over to the Attorney General for his scrutiny. The same materials will also be delivered to the Senate and House committees with the injunction that they exercise "the utmost prudence" in deciding which portions of it, if any, should be made public.

This is a curious procedure. Since the commission had undertaken an investigation of assassination capers, why not let it proceed with the added task which the President had specifically suggested?

Politics provides the answer. If the assassination portion had been completed and then released, critics could pronounce it a cover-up. An alibi has now been provided: this portion of the report was never completed. There have been enough leaks and stories to indicate that the CIA was indeed involved in assassination plots. Sen. Frank Church has used the ugly word "murder" and has referred to "hard evidence" and "corroborating testimony." Such statements might easily sustain a charge of cover-up if the report shied away from facts now known. In a normal context, the delivery of a commission report on a subject of major interest would call for some immediate and specific response by the President. By dumping the materials in the lap of the Attorney General the President has provided himself with a routine response to all future questions about assassination plots. He can say as often as necessary that the Attorney General has the material under investigation and, as for his personal position, well, he is "totally opposed to assassinations," which is a good safe statement. Also by turning the same material over to the Senate and House committees, the President has accomplished two political objectives. He can now pose as a gallant gentleman who did not want to release, at this time, material that might reflect on the memories of Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, "especially . . . the late President Kennedy." Kennedy partisans have been furious over leaks hinting at the involvement of the late President and his brother, if remotely and indirectly, in assassination plots, and have referred to "hit-and-run smears." Since President Ford is known to regard Sen. Edward Kennedy as the most likely and strongest Democratic

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nominee, his words and actions make it appear that he is being more than fair in not releasing the material about possible assassination involvements. And of course it is pure political mischief to toss this material at the Senate and House committees with their Democratic chairmen and majorities for the purpose of letting them decide how much of this "classified" material they care to release, having in mind that it relates to matters of "great sensitivity." If these committees do not release the material they will be charged with covering up; if they do they will be charged with smearing reputations, mostly Democratic.

It is indeed bitterly ironic that the Kennedy family, which has experienced the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy, should now be faced with the release of material that—on the basis of published reports—may show an awareness on the part of one or both of assassination plots in which the CIA was involved. Yet Senator Church's committee is now, more than ever, confronted with the necessity of making the facts known; to do otherwise would be to invite continuing controversy of a bitter and divisive character. The facts must be disclosed because enough has been published to raise the issue of the extent to which Presidents of either or both parties, directly or through their advisers, or by an awareness of operations which could have been stopped but weren't, have been involved in lawless acts including the crime of murder. Murder plots, as Senator Church has said, are not "a minor matter."

The Ford Campaign

President Ford has said he is "getting closer and closer" to a formal declaration of candidacy. "There's no doubt of my intention," he said on June 9, and we take him at his word. Already it is possible to sketch the kind of campaign he will run. Ford will make his pitch to the voters—and to possible financial backers—as an honest conservative, spouting the discredited homilies he seems to believe in, eschewing the policy and ideological zigzags that marked Richard Nixon's years in the Presidency. Though we shall probably be spared the offensive hyperbole of Nixon's rhetorical pronouncements, the essential policy will be the same: lack of concern for the victims of economic and environmental damage, rationalized by simplistic defenses of the American capitalist ethos. Trips abroad will give the appearance of a President confronting international problems. Ford can be counted on to continue visiting capitals of the world, being toasted, shaking hands and dining lavishly with democratic and authoritarian leaders alike, smiling for the photographers and receiving prime coverage on the network news.

Such reportage will aid Ford's effort to campaign as an interventionist (though he might try to call himself an internationalist). The Harris poll indicates Ford picked up five points against Senator Kennedy in a Presidential preference poll following his casualty-laden blitzkrieg against Cambodia in retaliation for the seizing of the *Mayagüez*. Since none of his previous maneuvers gained that many points, Ford can be expected to try to duplicate this dynamic act—at best, diplomatically, perhaps fronting for Kissinger in new Middle East negotiations—or, at worst, militarily, if another propitious incident should

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occur. Although Ford will try to present himself as an anti-isolationist—with talk of "America's responsibilities in the world" and all that—he will probably estrange the country even further from the increasingly influential nations of the Third World, professing cordiality to those leaders who accept his conception of America's role in international affairs and threatening the nations—like Portugal, Vietnam, North Korea and Cambodia—that resist it. A trip to Cuba might be forthcoming, paralleling Nixon's campaign trip to China, if Fidel Castro is willing to be accommodating and Ford feels confident about his jingoistically anti-Communist right flank.

But while he will be an external interventionist, Ford will continue to isolate himself from acute domestic problems. There will be no summit meetings in New York's City Hall, no tours of the nation's ghettos even though, as the National Urban League reports, actual unemployment among blacks has topped 25 per cent. There will be no caravans on the nation's broken-down and bankrupt railroads, no visits to unemployment offices in Detroit. As carefully as he courts media fascination with his foreign trips and exploits, Ford, as Nixon tried to do, will attempt to diminish the nation's concern about the unglamorous, continuing discomfort, misery and pain that the government's not-so-benign neglect has helped bring about. Ford offers a catch phrase, "no new programs," at once appealing to a simplistic analysis of current economic woes and consigning all but the affluent to medical poverty. With another slogan, independence from foreign oil, Ford at once reaffirms an unrealistic analysis of energy problems and consigns the nation to poisonous air, strip-mined land and a residue of nuclear menace that will outlive us all.

Ford will campaign as a strong leader, appealing to battered American *machismo* by contending that billion-dollar weaponry can increase the nation's sense of security. He will try to build himself an image as a decisive man on domestic affairs, hurling veto after veto at the half-hearted compromise measures that seem to be the best the current Democratic leadership can muster. Only a critical press can cut through these paper images, and the flow of information now reaching most voters is evidence that we do not yet have that essential national resource.

Perhaps most important will be Ford's portrayal of himself as the Bicentennial President. As Chief Executive, he will appear throughout the country at the antiseptic celebrations of 1976. The martial parades that will accompany that year of national self-adulation will enhance his image as a forceful, American man. The Bicentennial is fraught with danger for progressive forces—and with possibilities, too, as we noted some issues back. Ford's opponents need to study the potential impact of Bicentennial boosterism on the political process, and devise a political strategy that takes account of that impact.

For there are factors which may make the playing out of the Ford scenario impossible. Diplomatically, Ford could meet failure—just as Henry Kissinger has in the latter part of his term. While economic indicators seem to portend some improvement, they may easily be belied by increasing unemployment and deepening depression. As Mervin Field discovered in a recent California poll, there are more people who have "not much confidence" in the President than have "a lot of confidence" in him. People can see and feel leadership and they don't perceive it in Gerald Ford.

Whether it stems from honest humility or plain inadequacy, Ford lacks the ability to inspire the nation to believe in him—and to believe in itself. Though he lacks the shiftiness of his predecessor when he speaks to the public, like Nixon he lacks the ability to make most Americans believe that he cares about ordinary people, their problems and aspirations—things that may seem banal to the greater part of the communications media but which are the stuff of most Americans' lives. Perhaps it is better that Ford is a failure in those terms—if he were a success, he would be even more dangerous. His campaign in a sense will be designed to cover up his profound irrelevancy to the majority American experience. Bicentennial mythology may be manipulated in an effort to obscure that actual experience, but ultimately neither Ford nor any other Presidential candidate can succeed unless he transcends the customary rhetoric, embraces the majority's problems and aspirations as his own and, with candor and compassion, invites us all to confront them with freshness, courage and honest concern.

'Cozying Up' to Wallace

The Democrats have been trying to ignore the candidacy of Gov. George Wallace, but recently a few spokesmen have faced up to the threat it represents to party unity. Sen. Mike Mansfield has said that he could not support a 1976 ticket that had Wallace in either the first or second spot. Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre has called the nomination of Wallace "unthinkable" and raked the Governor's record in Alabama. The sixth contender to enter the race, former Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina, has attempted to turn the Wallace threat to his account. In announcing his candidacy—Democrats have been announcing at the rate of one a month since January—he quite correctly charged that other Democratic contenders have been "cozying up" to Wallace out of fear of alienating his supporters. For his part, he intends to confront Wallace directly in the North Carolina primary: "We might as well shoot it out at high noon." If the other Democratic contenders will stay out of the North Carolina primary, Sanford should win it this time around; even if some of the others enter, he may still come out ahead. He says that he might, if necessary, challenge Wallace in Tennessee and Michigan. The Alabama Governor, as Sanford sees it, has "fooled the people who have believed in him by calling forth the easy fears and avoiding the complex and tough-minded solutions. . . .I do not trade on fear or hatreds or scare tactics." That is exactly the kind of direct challenge that is needed. Now if former Sen. Fred Harris will stage a Populist-type campaign against Wallace in, say, Mississippi or even Alabama, that too will help.

The Wallace threat has loomed large for two reasons: it has been given, as Sanford notes, far too much attention by the press, because Wallace is noisy and quotable; and the press, for all its preoccupation with the man, has neglected until quite recently to expose the dismaying details of his record. In a speech at Springfield, Ill., on May 27, Sen. Robert Byrd called attention to the fact that

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Wallace, "more than any other man in public life in our country today, articulates the dissatisfactions and the discontents that millions feel." And he then went on to say:

> The Democratic Party apparently has still not learned what it should have learned from this situation. If it is to regain the broad-based, nationwide support it once commanded, the Democratic Party must meet head-on the issues that trouble so many of our citizens. It will not be enough to identify problems. Rhetoric will not suffice. Solutions and sound and proper answers to the nation's problems must be found. And the same old solutions and the same old rhetoric will not work any more.

If Senator Byrd means that Wallace knows how to exploit discontents, he is correct. But if he means to imply that Wallace offers anything but "the same old rhetoric," he has not examined the Governor's record in Alabama. Not long ago, Wallace made a speech in which he said, "The President should take whatever action is necessary to make Washington a safe city. . .even if it took 10,000 policemen and three or four more penitentiaries." Occasionally he varies the punch line, as by saying "even if it took three Army divisions."

This kind of talk annoyed Jerry Wilson, the former Washington police commissioner, who contributes an occasional column to *The Washington Post*. He checked the figures on crime in Montgomery, Ala. From 1965 to 1974 the crime index for Montgomery increased 84 per cent; for Washington, D.C. 61 per cent. In 1974 alone, Montgomery's rate was up 20 per cent, Washington's 7 per cent (Montgomery's population in 1970 was 133,000, Washington's 756,000, in round figures). Nor are the records any more impressive for Alabama as a whole. "On that record," writes Mr. Wilson, "it looks as if the main thing Governor Wallace knows about crime control is that it is a political issue with popular appeal."

The Democratic contenders should follow Sanford's example and stop "cozying up" to Wallace. They know that his record is vulnerable; they are afraid not so much of him as they are of alienating his following. But silence makes it possible for him to pose as some kind of latter-day Populist, which he is not. It is doubtful that Wallace can hold his constituency by rhetoric alone, that is, by simply playing up to discontents; but he might be able to do so if he is not challenged to state some positions. And not merely on domestic issues. What precisely does he mean when he says that "we were fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II"? He should be asked some straight questions, and not merely by reporters but by rival candidates and the party's leaders.

Women in Medicine

The U.S. Government is celebrating International Women's Year with an international conference on Women in the Health Professions in Washington, June 16 to 18.

Women make up a remarkable 75 per cent of the work force in the health industry, but their numbers and strength are concentrated in the less well-paying part of that work force and in the "followers" rather than the leaders of the professional components. Only 7 per cent of practicing physicians are women; only 2 per cent of the nurses are men. In numbers, that means there are about 20,000 women doctors; 700,000 nurses. By contrast, there are 300,000 male physicians; perhaps 15,000 male nurses. It is true, also, that women physicians are less well-paid on average than their male counterparts ($27,000 per year as against $48,000—estimates!). But that is an improvement over the situation of most women in the health labor force, where incomes range around $5,000.

The number of women in the profession is increasing slowly. In the past ten years, women graduates increased from 6 per cent to 9 per cent of the total, and admissions have risen to an even larger extent (20 per cent of all admissions last year), which may over the next ten years change significantly the ratio of women physicians in practice. The question of their influence and role remains unanswered. Women M.D.s tend to be concentrated among pediatricians and psychiatrists, not the most influential policy makers in medicine. Women professors are scarce in the medical schools, department chairmen even scarcer. Women medical administrators in medical schools are almost nonexistent (deans, none; assistant deans, a few). There are no women teaching hospital directors.

The situation is not much different abroad, though Socialist countries pride themselves on the equality of their women. It is true that they make up the bulk of the physicians practicing in the Soviet Union, but very few are to be found there in key administration positions or as directors of teaching institutions.

In the event that there were a sharp upturn in the number of women at the policy level in medical practice, what might be the consequences? Would it actually make any difference to medicine as the patient experiences it?

The problems in medical practice today are clearly related to structural defects in medical education and the organization of medical practice. Impersonality and lack of humanity in treatment stem from the emphasis on laboratory and research aspects in medical education. The built-in inflation derives from the competitive nature of medical practice. Geographic and specialty maldistribution result when doctors (and associated facilities) cluster around teaching centers and in the affluent suburbs. The lack of quality controls may be caused by jealously guarded professional dominance.

Will more women in medicine change this? One argument runs that women may be less competitive, less entrepreneurially directed and willing to work in group settings or salaried situations rather than the solo, fee-for-service practice which the predominantly male practitioners prefer. This will allow a better organization and deployment of medical resources. Is there a subtly sexist interpretation of women's role in this assumption?

Dyed-in-the-wool feminists will probably resent even more the suggestion that a great percentage of women within the specialties and at the influence levels of medicine would have a beneficial effect on the "caring" aspects of medicine, reducing the impersonality and inhumanity so widely complained of. Is this more sex stereotyping, an assertion that women will give a different shape to medical practice, directing it more toward patient needs than to professional or career goals?

All of the assumptions—better distribution and organization of medical care, more caring and more focus on patient needs—are based on the premise that (a) women will be more concerned about the sick than men are; and

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(b) that women are less competitive, more cooperative, more rational about organization.

If one rejects these assumptions for whatever reason (feminist "sex stereotyping" or male chauvinist contempt) there may be no difference in medical practice with more women in the profession other than a simple change in the sex composition of the ruling groups. There will be greater equality—more females in high paying jobs, equal pay for equal work, more feminine participation in policy making and more males in semi-skilled and unskilled ranks of the medical labor force. Yet it may be that the competitive, disorganized, inflated, inequitably distributed medical care delivery system will go on as before.

Well, righting one wrong doesn't automatically right all wrongs. It's just one step along the right way.

George A. Silver, M.D.

Slander by Supposition

Portland, Ore.

Oregon citizens were startled late in May by a banner headline in their morning *Oregonian*: "Morse Pushed Candidacy Despite Bout With Leukemia." The late Sen. Wayne Morse "had to know" that he was dying of leukemia when he filed for and won the Democratic nomination for his old seat in the Senate, which he held for twenty-four years. (Morse had lost to the incumbent Robert Packwood in 1968.) He died before the election on July 22, 1974, after a week in the hospital. He was 73.

The story was written in a lurid and portentous style by Ann Sullivan, who covers the paper's medical beat. It was a remarkable composition, based entirely on anonymous medical hearsay and couched in sternly technical medico-journalistic language interspersed with the words of lay politicians who could be approached for a quote.

The story featured Oregon's retired Rep. Edith Green (a Democrat for whom the dead Senator had small use). "A former member of my staff," she stated, "had a relative who was a registered nurse and who personally knew that Wayne had been taking intravenous I.V.s for leukemia."

The late Senator's death was described thus: "The combination of the dread course of leukemia, his age of 73, the immunosuppressive activity of the anti-cancer drugs, the physical assault of a bad throat, cold and chest infection, all helped throw his body into a condition called aplastic anemia. His blood could no longer work for him, and he succumbed to massive infection.

"Senator Morse's bone marrow," the reporter exclaimed, "looked like a sea of frothy bubbles, tiny light-colored cells of fat, crowding upon each other and with no good blood cells at all." No source was stated. The story went on to assert that "the subterfuge of his illness" caused "a great row among other physicians on the hospital staff who didn't like the irregular handling of the case." The sources for these and similar non-ascriptions were described as "more than two dozen trusted aides," "respected sources," "a hematology specialist," "hospital officials," "trusted physicians" and the like.

Since Senator Morse had been dead for about a year, and enjoyed a worldwide reputation as "The Tiger of the Senate" for his principled opposition to the war in Vietnam, to Nixon and to sleazy ethics generally, the newspaper made a desperate effort to shore up its story by "prevailing upon" the Senator's widow. The purpose was to persuade Senator Morse's physician, Dr. Charles Grossman, to abandon "his promise" that he would not discuss Senator Morse's illness. "I don't know that anybody knew that he had a fatal illness until the last week of his life," Grossman said. "I think you are making a mistake if you assume that. It's not the way I'd like to practice medicine. I do not think it is fair."

The Nixon-worshipping *Oregonian* bolstered its story and almost a page of follow-up accounts with free publicity for anyone who would state "I knew!" These included Morse's bitter Democratic primary opponent, Jason Boe (who was supported by Edith Green). Mr. Boe said he *knew*, but did not follow his knowledge with action because he couldn't prove the "serious political crime" of Morse's staff. They had not informed the public that the hitherto superbly principled Senator had feet (or in this eerie context) blood of clay. Boe's reticence and that of various I-knew-but-did-not-say politicians obviously placed survival first and public interest second. If they had any reasonable basis for believing that Candidate Morse had terminal leukemia and was deliberately deceiving the public, their first duty was disclosure.

But disclosure would have been a heavy risk, given Morse's well-deserved reputation for defending himself against unprincipled attack. No one said a mumbling word about Morse's alleged leukemia while he was alive.

On the same day, May 29, that the *Oregonian* contained its gruesome editorial on "The Ethics of Deception," its sister evening paper, the *Oregon Journal*, ran stories containing authoritative quotes from doctors under the headline "No Leukemia Found in Morse, M.D.s Say." The *Journal*'s medical reporter, Marge Davenport, gently deflated her press rival's exhumatory hysteria with a series of flat statements. Senator Morse was never given a diagnosis of leukemia, on the authority of Dr. Edward Henderson, who treated Morse at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda. Morse suffered from a blood condition which can *become* leukemia, or can disappear. "I told the Senator that he had a problem, but I also told him that he could go on for years," Dr. Henderson stated. "Senator Morse suffered a syndrome frequently common in older persons," stated Dr. Brigid Leventhal, NIH physician. Dr. Robert Bigley, Oregon Medical School hematologist, stated that Senator Morse's diagnosis as late as his last entry into the hospital in July 1974 was "refractory anemia." Hematologists differ about both diagnosis and treatment for such blood conditions. When Morse's family physician signed the death certificate he listed renal failure as the cause of death at Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland.

Even in the news vacuum of our silly season, observers here wondered why a newspaper would base such multiplying columns of space in an attempt to muddy the reputation of Oregon's most distinguished and courageous Senator. The answer was supplied in a resolution by the International Longshoremen's auxiliary in Portland. It charged that the stories were politically motivated and timed to stop passage of a bill now up for vote in Oregon's legislature to make the Morse ranch here into a historic state shrine.

Since the late Senator was never bested in life by the *Oregonian*, the paper tried exhumation politics. Its story

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was based entirely upon a logical fallacy—supposition contrary to fact. It failed to damage in death a Senator whose courageous career placed him beyond its reach while he lived.

Toby Moffett Objects

When Toby Moffett of Connecticut joined recently with sixty-three other hardy Representatives to unsuccessfully oppose Congress' $25-billion weapons bill, he commented that members of Congress were tending to rubber-stamp Pentagon requests—and in doing so were ceding control over the way their constituents' tax money was being distributed. Another military vote—this time on the F-111 aircraft—may indicate a method in this seeming mindlessness.

In the case of the F-111, defense industry agents in Congress tried to persuade their colleagues to throw away an extra $122 million on military aircraft building in Connecticut and Texas. But Moffett and his cost-conscious allies prevailed on this one, knocking out the extra waste by a 230-to-164 margin. For his effort, Moffet was castigated in his home state by unions and newspapers for the loss of an estimated 300 jobs. Moffett said the job-loss figure was hooey. Furthermore, he noted, not only were the planes not needed for national security but *the Pentagon had not even requested them.*

Moffett's staff says mail from constituents supported him; given the pork-barreling proclivities of many of his colleagues, his vote against the $122-million throwaway indicates that, on this issue at least, he deserves his voters' support. The same can't be said of the 164 Representatives who voted to waste their constituents' money. Apparently they knew the Pentagon had never asked for the money, and many voted to spend it anyway because they thought doing so was good politics, that constituents would applaud any vote which ostensibly provided more jobs.

Such cynical voting is the worst kind of politics. Moffett's fear of legislative abdication to the Pentagon for military budgeting seems increasingly well-founded. Military-related make-work is both the least productive way of providing jobs and the easiest to enact. But Representatives and Senators who persist in trying to fool their constituents into thinking that support for such jobs marks commitment to their interest deserve to find themselves unemployed.

Playing Politics With Cancer

No one favors cancer, and politicians have shrewdly found in that disease an unlimited fount of good publicity. Richard Nixon, having watched Sen. Edward Kennedy reap a good press and public applause for his leadership in support of cancer research, decided to co-opt the issue as his own. As a result, the nation was given the National Cancer Act of 1971. Supporters of the Act compared it to the man-on-the-moon program: it was designed to give the nation's scientists enough money to do the job—a crash program.

To date the cost has been more than $1.7 billion and we have learned that money alone will not discover a cure for cancer. Critics of the program call attention to the way in which funds have been allocated, often without close regard to any scheme of priorities and with little supervision. Those promoting the so-called National Cancer Plan have successfully appealed at once to the public's fear of death and its faith in quick solutions; they have, in effect, promised to deliver miracles if only the appropriations are forthcoming. With federal sources for other research programs going dry, word has gotten out that "cancer money" is available. Large sums have been appropriated for the construction of cancer research centers attached to second- and third-rate institutions. As might be expected, there has been much talk of conflict of interest with respect to certain grants; the charges would appear to be well-founded.

All this was predictable at the time Congress was considering the 1971 Act—it was in fact predicted by Dr. George Silver, our consultant on medical issues, in his article, "Cancer Research: Money Won't Solve Everything" [August 16, 1971]. Silver, a former assistant secretary of HEW, now professor of public health at Yale Medical School, made the point that because "we have no laboratory clues for the conquest of cancer, there isn't any theoretical base on which a multimillion-dollar campaign can be mounted." As a result, he continued:

> New research can only be more of the same. Some good work, some average, a lot bad, unnecessary work, that will keep the Ph.D.s coming. More and more money will be diverted to these activities as more and more institutes are sprung loose. The medical schools will continue to be the captives of their research masters instead of vice versa. The chances of releasing the kind of money that is necessary to convert medical education to its service potential will continue small. The American people will glow with pride at their research achievements, which will become less and less available to more and more people.

Remedial possibilities do exist. A pragmatic concept of cancer research needs to be developed (and can only be developed) by financially disinterested parties. Nobel Prize winner Dr. James Watson has said: "I . . . suspect that a major problem now facing cancer research . . . is how to be realistic about what we can do for society without seeming to reject the hands that may want to overfeed us." His integrity would seem to be a model for those judging the value of cancer expenditures in terms of the public interest. Integrity would be a useful quality, too, in politicians debating cancer issues; grandstanding on such a feared disease is easy and rewarding—and should be recognized as cynical and opportunistic.

Playing politics with cancer is particularly cruel in that it raises the expectations of those who fear or are affected by the disease, and it distorts the priorities of medical care and research. The decision to spend lavishly and often improvidently on cancer research takes money away from basic medical services and research in other just as deadly areas of health concern where it could be put to better immediate use. The media, having helped make the nation cancer-conscious, are only now attempting to place the crash programs initiated in 1971 in proper perspective. Scientists of conscience should join with the media to discourage political exploitation of cancer research and to cultivate public support for a sensible, carefully monitored program.

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MYTHS ABOUT KOREA

THE WAR BEFORE VIETNAM

JOHN GITTINGS

London

Korea was the war before Vietnam in many more senses than the obvious chronological one. It was the first local war where, according to the official mythology, the line had to be held to keep the dominoes standing. It was the first war in which American air power was used indiscriminately—against towns, the civilian population and irrigation dams. Korea also set the precedent for official manipulation of the news, creating a whole set of stereotypes about the Communist "hordes," their "atrocities" against white prisoners of war, their "refusal to negotiate" and their "disregard for human life."

All these features were repeated fifteen years later in the Vietnamese War—but with a difference. For by the late 1960s public opinion had broken free from the cold-war mold. Both the military and political claims of the United States were sharply challenged in Vietnam. In Korea, no one except the Communists and a handful of supporters had dared use the word "genocide" to describe U.S. policy.

Today, thirty years after the Korean War broke out, a new generation of scholars—themselves mostly radicalized by the war in Vietnam—have challenged the myths which solidified around the earlier conflict. A recent volume of essays in Pantheon's Asia Library series presents a novel view of Korea not as a war of "aggression" but as a civil war in which the United States backed, inevitably, the corrupt and unpopular side (Frank Baldwin, editor, *Without Parallel—The American-Korean Relationship Since 1945*). The Stockholm-based *Journal of Contemporary Asia* has published a special issue on the Korean anniversary in which the achievements of North Korea—little known and rarely written about—are given detailed treatment. A lone Indian scholar, Karunakar Gupta, stirred up sharp controversy in the academic journal *The China Quarterly* (October-December 1972) by claiming to have discovered *prima facie* evidence that South Korea had struck the first blow in the confused events of June 25, 1950, violating the 38th Parallel before the North Koreans did so.

Yet evidence already available in the public press at the time of the Korean War pointed toward the evasions, untruths and inhumanities that were practiced by the "allied" side of the United States-United Nations. (Except at rare moments of stress, the two commands were indistinguishable.) I.F. Stone had challenged the most crucial myths within months of their manufacture. His *Hidden History of the Korean War* showed how the United States had railroaded the U.N. decision to back America's unilateral intervention—the State Department had a draft resolution prepared for the General Assembly before the war ever started. Stone also showed how American conduct of the war had willfully encouraged the Chinese to come in, and he raised the first doubts about U.S. negotiating tactics at Panmunjom (which I shall discuss below).

How then did the war begin? Gupta's claim that it was started by President Syngman Rhee's South Korea is based upon the report from South Korean forces early in the war that they had captured the northern town of Haeju. The North described this as a "provocation" to which they had responded in force; the South claimed that *they* were responding to the North. Gupta argues that the Southern forces were incapable of advancing against Haeju *after* the Northern forces had crossed the 38th Parallel—the operation must have been conducted *before* the North came in. There are gaps in the argument, but the fact remains that the Haeju operation, whatever form it really took, was buried by Western scholars for twenty years before Gupta unearthed it.

A more common verdict among the new generation of Korean scholars is the one advanced by Robert Simmons in his essay for *Without Parallel*; he concludes that the North moved first, but did so because it perceived "that the South was preparing to march north; the war was a civil one with roots in Korean nationalism." Other writers have documented the way in which the United States had stifled democratic and left-wing voices in Korea after 1945, preparing the ground for a Rhee, just as they would do for a Diem or Thieu much later on in Vietnam.

But the myths of Korea do not concern only the origins of the war. They have flourished even more powerfully to warp the actual record of the military conduct of the war and the negotiations which brought it painfully to an end. My purpose here is to identify some of the grosser forms of distortion and to provide some leads that may guide other inquirers toward a more accurate understanding of "the war before Vietnam."

Negotiations at Panmunjom. The name Panmunjom lingers on in the collective memory of Western historians and propagandists as the prime example of Communist "intransigence," and it was invoked from 1965 onward to support accusations of "stalling" or "refusal to negotiate" against the North Vietnamese in the Indochina war. Every college textbook echoes the same story: either China and North Korea were so "bellicose" that they did not want peace, or Stalin prevented them from making it.

A contemporary judgment by U.S. soldiers at the Korean front comes nearer to the mark. As reported by George Barrett in *The New York Times* (November 12, 1951):

> The unadorned way that an apparently increasing number of them [officers and enlisted men] see the situation right now is that the Communists have made important concessions, while the United Nations Command, as they view it, continues to make more and more demands. . . .The United Nations team has created the impression that it switches its stand whenever the Communists indicate they might go along with it.

Three critical phases can be discerned in the first six months of the armistice negotiations, beginning in July

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1951, at which the U.S.-U.N. side upped its negotiating demands until it finally caused deadlock by refusing to return all Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war.

(A) The parallel issue: In July 1951 both sides had accepted a Soviet proposal—reflecting previous initiatives which included one by the U.N. Secretary-General—for an armistice along the 38th Parallel. But actual negotiations started with the United States refusing, "as a matter of major principle," to accept the parallel line. Secretary of State Dean Acheson much later conceded in his memoirs (*Present at the Creation*) that the Communists might have had cause to regard the American position as "trickery"—though of course he denied that it was. Eventually the Communist side yielded the point, accepting that the eventual cease-fire would follow the line of actual control which was less favorable for them.

(B) The return of the POWs: The United States then raised the question of a prisoner-of-war exchange, saying it would be "premature" to stop the fighting until this and other issues had been settled. Only days previous to this shift in November (when the Communists yielded on the parallel issue) the United States had called for a cease-fire without any other conditions—which the Chinese and North Koreans now accepted. By the end of December the Communists had conceded a second time, agreeing that a POW exchange should precede the cease-fire.

(C) The question of "voluntary repatriation": Overnight the United States abandoned its emphasis upon a swift return of its own prisoners, now elevating the question of those Chinese and North Koreans who allegedly did not want to return to one of "humanitarian" significance on which no compromise could be admitted. It was this issue which delayed the cease-fire and prolonged the casualty list for another year and a half—during which probably 500,000 were killed and wounded, the majority of them Korean civilians.

U.S. bombing of civilian targets (1952-53). A major factor in forcing the Communists to yield totally on the "voluntary repatriation" issue—various compromise solutions were ruled out by the United States—was the intensive bombing of urban centers of population from the summer of 1952 onward and the blasting of vital irrigation dams in May 1953. Little protest was aroused in the West by this type of warfare which, when attempted two decades later against North Vietnam, would lead to international condemnation. In particular, the attacks on the irrigation dams were reported routinely, if at all, by the Western press. Communist admissions that they caused widespread destruction of farmland and life were ignored.

The biggest raid of the war—against Pyongyang on August 29, 1952—was reported by the *Times* of London with the deadpan observation that:

> Warning of the raid was given *fifteen minutes* [my italics] in advance by leaflet and Seoul radio to enable the civilian population to leave, but pilots reported that they saw no sign of movement.

Anyone who attempted to "leave" would of course have been caught in the streets and subjected to low-level strafing by U.S. Navy fliers who flew at rooftop level. "The town was blowing up all over," said one returning pilot. "The smoke was the blackest I had ever seen." It was the fifth raid on the capital of North Korea within a month, and produced a death toll of some 6,000 civilians. Pyongyang's population, which had been 400,000 when the war started, had declined to one-fifth that number by its end, and the Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett reported that only two buildings remained intact by 1953. Over the period of the war the North Korean population as a whole is estimated to have declined from more than 9.5 million to less than 8.5 million.

American commanders showed some tactical sensitivity to the "humanitarian" aspect of bombing irrigation dams. The original plan by Air Force target officers had been to blast twenty large reservoirs simultaneously in an operation which would destroy "a year's rice planting." However, the commanding generals, Clark and Weyland, feared the political consequences of such an attack. By way of compromise, it was agreed to approve strikes against dams where the resultant flood waters would wash out lines of communications, thus providing a "legitimate" military target. But all the dams would have been destroyed in time if the armistice had not been signed, and the month of May was itself chosen because by then the rice crop would have been planted. Further, it was considered, according to David Rees in *Korea: The Limited War*, that "gradual destruction of the dams would be best from psychological warfare considerations, so that the Korean farmers would tend to blame the Communists for prolonging the war, rather than the UNC [U.N. Command] for initiating an all-out attack against food supplies."

The fate of the U.S. POWs. After the war, the surviving Allied prisoners of war finally came home, more than a year and a half after the Communists had first offered to return them! Then, as on previous occasions, the United States claimed that large numbers of their men had been "massacred" or died in captivity. There was undoubtedly very harsh treatment by North Korean captors in the early stages of the war, but living conditions in the camps soon improved to a level of 2,400 calories a day—more than the average for millions of Asians. No account of the POWs' existence can be entirely black or white: what is clear is that American claims of maltreatment and "brainwashing" were constantly exaggerated for propaganda purposes, as would again occur with the numbers games played by Presidents Johnson and Nixon over their POWs in North Vietnamese camps. Two examples must suffice:

(*1*) The Communist "massacres": It was claimed in November 1951 that more than 5,500 U.S. prisoners had been "massacred" since the war began. Subsequent U.S. casualty lists gave a similar picture by the device of treating the names of those "missing" as POWs whose nonappearance must indicate that they had died in captivity, not (as was more likely) in action. Drowned in the hubbub of public outrage at this "massacre," General Ridgway's headquarters announced calmly and *officially* that no less than 6,600 Communist prisoners of war had "died in Allied camps. . . .The announcement stated that the 6,600 deaths resulted *primarily* [my italics] from the poor physical condition of the prisoners when they arrived at U.N. camps. . ." (*Keesings Contemporary Archives*). Thus more POWs were admitted to have died in U.N. hands than were alleged to have done so in Communist hands. The hard conditions and lack of medical attention,

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regarded as evidence of "atrocities" in relation to Communist treatment of their prisoners, were advanced as sufficient explanation for the deaths which occurred in Allied hands. The irony is almost too obvious.

(2) The evidence for "brainwashing": A partial account, based on the official U.S. inquiry after the prisoners had returned home, reveals a much more complex picture of motives. Having processed 3,800 U.S. Army POWs, the special study concluded that "the Army has not found a single verifiable case" where torture was used to win "collaboration." (Eugene Kinkead, *In Every War But One.* See also the pamphlet, *POW: The Fight Continues After the Battle*, report by the Secretary of Defense's Advisory Committee on POWs.) Again one must avoid black-or-white conclusions, yet it was generally acknowledged that lack of morale and loss of "will to live" accounted for most "defections" and deaths in captivity. (The possibility that some American POWs experienced a genuine revulsion against their government's war was never admitted.)

Germ warfare. No cold-war myths should be sacrosanct. Those arising from the Korean War, which has provided the linchpin argument for every major forward-moving policy of the United States ever since, should be viewed with particular suspicion. I shall conclude this article with a challenge to the most hallowed myth of all—that the United States was constitutionally incapable of using (or preparing for the use of) germ warfare in Korea, and that the allegation to the contrary was a Communist smear.

By international convention and by general agreement, chemical warfare is outlawed and condemned as effectually as germ warfare. The facts are that we now know that American plans to use chemical warfare (the nerve gas GB-Sarin) in Korea did exist. These plans, which would have been implemented if the 1953 cease-fire had broken down, came to light nearly two decades later by chance, in August 1970, when a proposal to dump the unwanted nerve gas off the coast of Florida aroused public protest. As Tom Wicker commented, this revelation made a mockery of "all those solemn assurances given by every President and innumerable generals that this country would never be the first to use gas warfare" (*International Herald Tribune*; August 12, 1970). He might have added that equally "solemn assurances" had been given time and again in connection with germ warfare.

A quarter of a century after the Korean War began, we still know far too little about how it began, how it was conducted and how it came to an end. For the sake of 3 million dead—most of them Koreans—as well as for historical truth, it is time that we found out. □

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

SPOTLIGHT ON THE LOBBIES

ANDREW KNEIER

Washington

Legislation now being considered in both houses of Congress would require Washington lobbyists to disclose, through periodic public reports, the government decisions they are trying to influence, how they are going about it, what they are spending to do it, and who is financing their efforts. There is almost no public scrutiny of these activities at present, and most lobbies relish a secrecy which they have come to take for granted. But now some influential members of Congress, with an assist from Common Cause in drafting tough disclosure legislation, threaten to bring lobbying out in the open.

The two bills causing the most alarm are S.815, sponsored by Sens. Robert Stafford, Edward Kennedy and eighteen of their colleagues, and H.R.15, sponsored by Reps. Thomas Railsback, Robert Kastenmeier and more than 140 other Congressmen. The bills would replace the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946, which is supposed to require quarterly reporting of lobbying receipts and expenses. This is ambiguous, riddled with loopholes, and impossible to enforce. Many of the most powerful lobbies blatantly mock the law by simply refusing to register as lobbying organizations or by grossly underreporting their lobbying expenses. For example:

—The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, one of the largest business lobbies in the country, has developed an elaborate and expensive computerized lobbying system. When the Chamber wants to influence certain members of Congress on pending legislation, it feeds their names into the computer and out comes a list of all the Chamber members by state or district, who can be enlisted to write or phone these Congressmen. The computer then automatically addresses specially prepared instructions to these businessmen. Some of the most influential corporate executives are even brought to Washington to call personally on legislators. The Chamber will probably use this sophisticated system to fight the lobby disclosure legislation which would require it to disclose how much the system costs, the issues lobbied by it, and which Congressmen have been approached. The Chamber has already begun its campaign against S.815 and H.R.15 by sending an extensive critique of the bills to Congressional offices and to numerous corporate representatives in Washington.

Note: The Chamber itself is not registered as a lobbying organization under the present law, and of its six lobbyists who did report lobbying expenses for 1974, three listed no expenses, one listed $2, one listed $5 and one listed $1,066. The income they reported for lobbying totaled $870 for all six lobbyists.

—Last fall the maritime industry—shipyard owners, ship operators and labor unions—engaged in extensive lobbying to win passage of legislation that would have

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required 30 per cent of U.S. oil imports to be transported by 1977 in American-built and -operated tankers. This special interest legislation, dubbed the "Shipyards' and Sailors' Public Welfare Act of 1974" by *The Washington Post*, was opposed by several executive agencies as unnecessary and grossly inflationary. It would have increased gasoline and heating costs to consumers by more than $25 billion in ten years. Nevertheless, the maritime lobby—having contributed more than $600,000 to 1974 campaigns, most of it to Congressmen who later voted for the bill—was able to push the legislation through Congress. One union president's boast—"we worked our butts off"—was supported by a Congressional aide who observed: "Whenever you looked around, those union people were all over."

Note: Four of the six maritime unions involved in this campaign, including the National Maritime Union which contributed more than $53,000 to last year's Congressional campaigns, did not register as lobbying organizations during all of 1974. A Washington law firm hired by an association of tanker owners for $25,000 to lobby on the maritime bill reported spending a mere $807.45 for this job. It reported no public relations, salary or office expenses related to its lobbying activities.

—Last year the American Trial Lawyers Association set up an elaborate and devious lobbying system to fight legislation on no-fault auto insurance. It secretly arranged for mailgrams opposing no-fault to be sent automatically to key Congressmen by Western Union offices around the country. Association members needed only to call Western Union and give the names of friends and associates, and for each name given, ten messages were sent off to Capitol Hill. The Association even arranged for Western Union's sales force to encourage local trial lawyer associations and other interested groups to use the mailgram service. The result was a deluge of no-fault protest messages on key Congressional offices, all seemingly sent individually by concerned constituents. In one case, thirty-one sets of 100 messages were all sent by the same individual.

Note: The American Trial Lawyers Association has not registered as a lobbying organization.

—Several ITT executives spend much of their time visiting Congressional offices and high-level officials in the executive branch. There is a well-documented case, for instance, of personal visits with Cabinet officials and White House staff members as part of a campaign to induce the Justice Department to drop its antitrust suit against the corporation. It appears, moreover, that high-level personal contact is ITT's favorite lobbying method. In job descriptions submitted during the nomination hearings for former Atty. Gen. Richard Kleindienst, six ITT officers noted that associating with key Congressmen and various agency officials is an important part of their job. As one executive wrote: "There are several executive departments which are important to ITT, and therefore contacts have to be maintained. . . .I spend at least two nights a week with government personnel. These evenings include socializing, arranging and attending parties, attending sports events and other functions. Weekends are customarily spent with Hill personnel. . . ."

Note: Neither ITT, nor any of these six officers, are registered as lobbyists.

Renault, McClatchy Newspapers (Calif.)

As these examples illustrate, organized interests have developed a number of sophisticated ways to influence government decisions. In addition to the traditional visit to a Congressional office, their lobbying activities include high-level contacts in the executive branch, solicitation of letters from constituents, expensive advertising campaigns, social functions with public officials, etc. The 1946 lobby law, however, narrowly construes what lobbying entails. It covers only those who lobby Congress by direct contact, and only if lobbying is a "principal purpose" of their employment. Lobbying the executive branch is not covered. Consequently, many lobbying activities do not count as "lobbying," or at least don't seem to, so those who engage in them can maintain that they are not subject to the law's reporting requirements.

The Chamber of Commerce, for example, can argue that it does not usually lobby Congress directly; it only solicits others to do so. Moreover, it can hold that lobbying is not its principal purpose. The Trial Lawyers Association can use the same argument, saying it merely arranges for others to lobby. Maritime unions can use the "principal purpose" loophole, as can the ITT executives who maintain that lobbying is only an incidental part of their job. Besides, much of ITT's lobbying takes place within the executive branch.

These loopholes in the present law account for the secrecy which hides most lobbying activities. It is convenient for the lobbyists, and often for government officials as well. But it is no benefit to the public, which has a right to scrutinize the activities of powerful individuals and interest groups that are spending money secretly to influence national policy.

One thing that's not secret about lobbying is that it is a

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big business in Washington and that most of it goes on behind the scenes. Most observers will concede that high-handed efforts to win favorable policy decisions corrupt the political process. But then the questions come: What good will lobby disclosure do? So what, if lobbyists must disclose their activities, expenses and financial backing? At least six benefits can be expected from the kind of disclosure required in S.815 and H.R.15:

First, it would enable citizens to hold public officials accountable for the inordinate access and influence they give to certain special interest lobbyists. Secrecy perpetuates these cozy relationships between government officials and outside parties. When an official is wined and dined by special interests, accepts trips on corporate jets and is generally responsive to various lobbyists, the public clearly has a stake in knowing what goes on. All undue influence lives on the complicity of those being lobbied.

Second, full disclosure of lobbying would help the media inform the public of lobbying campaigns and how public officials respond to them. This is related to the previous point, but deserves a special note. Under the present law, it is difficult for a reporter to show the links between a Senator's campaign funds from the oil industry, his personal meetings with various oil lobbyists and his subsequent vote to retain the oil-depletion allowance. Such stories, even now are sometimes provided by diligent investigative reporters, but the amount of such information reported is not commensurate with its value to constituents.

Third, it would provide Congress and executive branch officials with information concerning outside lobbying tactics. As the Trial Lawyers Association and other groups have demonstrated, devious methods are sometimes used to distort public sentiment on certain issues. Congressional offices are often swamped with constituent letters on pending legislation, and there is no disclosure of the money spent by various groups to generate the mail. Like the public, government officials are often unaware of the full range of lobbying activities and of who is behind them. And yet as former Chief Justice Warren wrote in upholding the 1946 law:

> Full realization of the American ideal of government by elected representatives depends to no small extent on their ability to properly evaluate such pressures. Otherwise the voice of the people may all too easily be drowned out by the voice of special interests seeking favored treatment while masquerading as proponents of the public weal.

Fourth, the disclosure required by this legislation would facilitate public participation in government decision making. S.815 requires lobbyists to file copies of written documents given to public officials, and H.R.15 requires certain executive branch policy makers to log in a public record all communications and written material from outside parties. These provisions would enable public interest groups and other concerned parties to analyze the information lobbyists supply to government officials, and to counter with their own positions and supporting evidence. Effective public participation in Congressional deliberations and agency proceedings is often thwarted by ignorance of what lobbyists are saying and doing.

Fifth, it would give officials in Congress and executive agencies a strong incentive to associate more with representatives of public interest. The lobbying reports will show with whom these officials have been meeting in regard to policy decisions. In some cases, the facts will dramatize a disproportionate contact with industry representatives and other special interests. One can expect, or at least hope, that this would make government policy makers more conscientious about meeting with other outside parties, including representatives of consumer, environmental and similar interest groups.

Finally, lobby disclosure would go a long way to restore public confidence in the federal government. A Harris survey last year showed that 74 per cent of those interviewed believe "special interests get more from government than people do."

Common Cause believes that five ingredients are essential for a good lobby disclosure law. Both S.815 and H.R.15 contain these provisions, with the one exception noted below. Any new legislation passed by Congress should be consistent with these bills on the following five points:

(*1*) *Coverage of executive branch.* As was noted earlier, the 1946 law applies only to lobbying of Congress, but everywhere you look in the executive bureaucracy, you see the overwhelming presence and influence of regulated industries and special interests.

(*2*) *Logging of outside contacts.* These logs should identify the person making the contact and a brief summary of the matters discussed, and should be available for public inspection in a convenient location within the agency.

The need for this is dramatically illustrated within the Federal Energy Administration, where top officials are in frequent interaction with representatives of the energy industry. Common Cause's analysis of meeting logs kept by these officials show that since FEA Administrator Frank Zarb took office last December, 91 per cent of his meetings with nongovernmental groups have been with industry representatives. The top nine FEA officials held 493 meetings with nongovernmental parties between October 1, 1974, and March 31, 1975, only 6.3 per cent of which involved organizations such as consumer and environmental groups, state conservation agencies, educational institutions working on conservation projects, etc.

Broad logging requirements enable the public to scrutinize agency contacts with outside interests, and should be incorporated into lobby disclosure legislation. H.R.15 has logging requirements, but S.815 does not.

(*3*) *Broad definition of lobbying.* This means that the law would cover individuals and organizations which lobby directly, or indirectly by employing or soliciting others to do so. For example, when the chairman of General Motors writes to every stockholder in the corporation, as he did last February, urging them to write their Congressmen recommending a five-year delay in auto emission standards—that's lobbying. Neither Chairman Murphy nor General Motors itself is now registered as a lobbyist.

The law should also cover those who lobby in relation to their employment—such as officers in corporations, trade associations and labor unions—even though they are not specifically hired as lobbyists or lobbying is not a substantial part of their job. Coverage should be limited, however, to those who either receive or spend a significant

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amount of money for lobbying or who engage in a significant amount of lobbying activity. The concerned citizen who, on his own, lobbies his Congressmen on a few occasions should not be covered.

(4) *Comprehensive reporting*. The requirements should cover the source and amount of lobbyists' income, itemized expenditures, the names of the officials they have approached, the legislative or executive decisions they have tried to influence, and what they have given or loaned to public officials in gifts, services or other favors. Lobbying organizations should also be required to report the activities of any employee, officer or other person who lobbies in their behalf.

(5) *Strong enforcement provisions.* Nearly thirty years of experience with the present law has shown that without strong enforcement, lobby disclosure requirements—no matter how broad and tightly drawn—will be evaded. The Justice Department has consistently failed to prosecute blatant violations of the law, and no enforcement powers are given to the Clerk of the House or the Secretary of the Senate, with whom lobby reports are now filed. A new law should give the existing Federal Elections Commission responsibility for enforcing these requirements and making the information disclosed available to the public. The FEC would have the power to investigate possible violations, issue subpoenas and take depositions, prescribe regulations and initiate civil proceedings to compel compliance.

Demand for a new lobby disclosure law has been steadily growing. A Common Cause survey conducted last year shows that 318 House members favor a comprehensive disclosure of lobbying activities, and 263 members believe that a new lobby law should also require executive branch policy makers to log outside contacts and communications. Only fourteen respondents indicated opposition to logging. Of the fifty-eight Senators who responded to the questionnaire, forty-eight voiced support for new lobby disclosure legislation, and forty-five supported the logging provision. The House Republican Task Force has called for a stronger lobby law with logging requirements. At the June 1974 National Governors' Conference, the Governors endorsed lobby disclosure legislation. And on the state level, eighteen state legislatures have tightened existing lobby disclosure laws or enacted strong new statutes over the last three years. Many of these laws are far more comprehensive than the federal statute.

The question now is whether Congress will act decisively on this issue. It has sat complacently on lobby reform legislation over the last three years. That is exactly what almost every special interest lobby in the country has wanted it to do, and Congress will be under intense pressure from them in the months ahead to gut any meaningful lobby disclosure legislation. What happens to S.815 and H.R.15 will show whether Congress intends to restore accountability and openness in government in the post-Watergate era, or whether it still marches to the beat of the most powerful drummers. This is a time for private drummers to make themselves heard. □

PRISON JUSTICE IN ALABAMA

The Shadow of Southern History

DAVID UNDERHILL

Mobile, Ala.

State highway 21 cuts narrowly through low, pine-covered hills that edge the strip of flatlands along the Gulf coast of Alabama. A few miles north of the town of Atmore the terrain suddenly opens into a level expanse of naked farmland. Distant columns of dust rising in the steamy air might be the mark of tractors turning up earth. As the car draws closer, the dark spot punctuating each pillar of dust dissolves into a tight line of men—mostly black, the others deeply sunburned. They are thrashing their way with hoes slowly along the field rows, their heads bowed to the work. From the scene one might expect to hear the chanting work songs of the slave South drifting across the fields to the highway.

Backed off several yards from each sweaty line, a few uniformed horsemen keep watch, shotguns draped across their laps. This leveled tract in the piney hills is the Alabama state prison farm. Its thousands of acres produce a large portion of the food consumed throughout the Alabama prison system, along with some cash from sales to commercial processors. From motives of tradition, economy and punishment, the state appropriates far less money than is needed to run its prisons. Inmate labor is used at the farm and other compounds to make up the difference, which means that the penal system must severely restrict opportunities for education and rehabilitation.

Only a token payment keeps this from being frankly slave labor—the "wage" generally amounts to less than 1 cent an hour. At the prison farm, the price of mailing a letter is two days of labor in the fields. The prison provides inmates with nothing but a pitiful minimum of food and clothing. Anything else a man wants he must get somehow through the prison store or through various other channels that exist.

A uniform row of modest houses inhabited by some of the guards and their families borders the highway. The guards are paid less than $100 per week. Almost all of them are local whites with little education and few opportunities other than their prison jobs. But the work is tedious, occasionally dangerous, and the turnover rate runs high.

Just past the guards' quarters, one can look through the steel fence into the barren, dusty prison yard, where a few men may be sitting in a spot of shade, others forming up in squads at a gate for transport to the fields in open carts pulled by tractors. Dormitory and cellblock areas are old

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and shabby; windows are broken, paint is peeling. There is no air conditioning during the stifling summers, no heat during the cool, occasionally snowy winters. Broken toilets are not replaced; instead, there are holes in the floor. The entire complex has a careless, worn and grimy look. It is an isolated slum created and maintained by the state.

Some consequences of life under these conditions show up in the newspapers of Mobile, the nearest city. The back pages regularly carry small, routine stories about escapes and wild chases, about prisoners and guards being injured in clubbing melees, about fights, stabbings and deaths among the inmates. Knives are about as common as six-shooters in a Wild West town. "Clements was the third inmate stabbed to death at Atmore this month," noted one such story.

Holman prison, the state's new maximum security unit, hulks in the woods on the edge of the prison farm. Like Atmore it is overcrowded, has vocationally useless work assignments, almost no educational or rehabilitation programs, no room for recreation or even for breathing space and the same chronic problems. Little has been done to improve conditions for the men caged inside its bleak cellblocks, but an additional gun tower, built with convict labor, was recently erected.

The "normal" level of tension and violence at these two prisons suddenly escalated in mid-January 1974, when some inmates at Atmore took two guards hostage, seized control of part of the prison and demanded negotiations and publicity about prison conditions. The warden quickly led an armed charge that ended the Atmore rebellion. Its toll was two dead and scores injured, almost all of them inmates. But partly because one of the dead men was a guard, this eruption touched off headlines, investigations and charges that ran on for weeks, until eclipsed in March by an outbreak at Holman that also cost the lives of a guard and a prisoner. The local grand jury sitting in the county seat of Brewton soon voted a long list of indictments against inmates on charges ranging from riot to first-degree murder of the guards who died in the two uprisings. No guards or officials were indicted for their roles in the violence or for the hideous prison conditions surrounding the two fatal incidents.

The few small groups in Alabama concerned with prison issues watched these developments closely. At meetings early last summer in Mobile and Birmingham an Atmore-Holman Brothers Defense Committee was organized to find money and lawyers and to generate a public show of support for the defendants. Raising money from private sources was a spotty enterprise, and attempts to coax a few thousand dollars out of the state for preparing the defense were fruitless. In the early stages, the defendants sometimes were not sure who their lawyers were or whether they had any at all. Eventually, a group of lawyers and law students, most of them young and connected in some way with liberal or radical political activities, shared the legal work on the cases.

The ominously excessive police presence at the trials was one sign, among many, of official determination to contain passions over the Atmore-Holman cases, while simultaneously arousing them. Instead of leaving the cases to the local prosecutor in Brewton, the state attorney general's office entered the picture at an early stage and eventually took over almost the entire prosecution. And the word went out that the attorney general himself would present the state's case in one particular trial. The public defender in Brewton confided casually to the Link Society, a prison reform group, that the state was making a special effort to gather evidence and testimony against an inmate at Atmore named Johnnie Harris. Among all those indicted for murder, only Harris was a lifer, and under an ancient Alabama law, death is the prescribed penalty for a first-degree murder conviction against a prisoner already serving a life sentence. In 1972 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled the death penalty unconstitutional, but only because it was not being imposed uniformly. By using a law which called automatically for execution, the attorney general could perhaps electrocute Harris constitutionally.

But getting a conviction might be a tricky matter. Harris did not figure prominently in any of the detailed statements about the Atmore rebellion which state investigators collected from men who had been present on both sides of the bars. In some of the statements his name did not appear at all. And of those indicted for the death of the guard, the evidence against Harris was the weakest of all. This raised the speculation that his prosecution reflected the eagerness of the state to kill someone as a vengeful example to other prisoners and a political display for the public.

Any trials arising from the Atmore-Holman incidents would attract unusual attention. Adding the death penalty, personally pursued by the state's attorney general, guaranteed that the months of prelude and the trials themselves would be magnets for a large and clashing variety of concerns and persons. A couple of days before Harris' trial opened, one of the assistant prosecutors was overheard calling Montgomery. He was foreseeing giant demonstrations, dangerous ex-convicts in the courtroom, a need for increasing the security arrangements. Meanwhile Harris' handful of active supporters in Mobile were having trouble finding enough money for gas to drive the few miles to the trial and had no intention of challenging the state's immensely superior strength. But the phone call said a lot about the air of ominous drama with which the state had surrounded the Atmore-Holman cases.

In mid-February 1975, the trials opened at a heavily armed courthouse in Brewton, switched for the Harris trial to an even more heavily armed courthouse in Bay Minette across the bay from Mobile, returned to Brewton in March for further verdicts, and are now resuming this month.

The Holman cases were a brief, almost comical, embarrassment to the state. Accounts given by guards to a state investigator were at variance with one another and with the changing accounts given at various times by an inmate who was one of the state's key witnesses. When the defense during cross-examination confronted this inmate with his contradictions and impossible allegations, he uttered a moan and flopped twitching to the courtroom floor in either a real or admirably simulated epileptic fit. After meditating upon this scene, the judge threw the Holman trials out of court, citing the preposterous conflicts woven through the state's case.

The several Atmore trials ran closer to the state's script, the Harris trial being the main production. A half-dozen intense lawyers, including the attorney general, sat at the prosecution table amid large stacks of paper. The special

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seating for the large press corps caused the first dramatic dispute at the trial. The local attorney assigned to aid the defense complained that during twenty-five years of practice in this court he had never seen a press table set up behind the bar. Harris' supporters included several ex-convicts; the only two women in sight were wearing fashionable floor-length dresses; a long-haired young man carried a book on Mozart and wore sneakers inscribed repeatedly with the name of Baudelaire. Bay Minette had not sought and did not particularly welcome this trial, with its baggage of tensions and strange people.

Harris' trial had been removed from Brewton at the request of the defense, headed by Morris Dees, a graduate of the University of Alabama Law School who also has various business interests. After making himself wealthy at an early age, he set up the Southern Poverty Law Center in Montgomery, an organization which has quickly gained a liberal reputation. If he has political ambitions, he probably can't pursue them through elections in Alabama, but there are other routes. Numerous opportunities await talented white Southerners who adopt the Northern brand of liberalism.

William Baxley, the attorney general of Alabama, is young and ambitious. He has already made enough of a

name for himself in Alabama politics to stand as the heir apparent to George Wallace. He also has a reputation as something of a bachelor playboy, sustained by such episodes as a highly profitable tour of Nevada casinos last year. Alabama political commentators were divided in their estimates of the effect the Nevada junket might have on his political future. A successful prosecution of Johnnie Harris would be much easier to assess. Last summer, *Time* ran a special cover story on "200 Rising Leaders" in America. The two Alabamans who made the list were Baxley and Dees.

In the circumstances surrounding him, Harris often looked like a minor figure at this trial over his life. Sometimes the tide of events left him sitting alone at the little defense table, seemingly ignored by everyone. At other times, he seemed lost in a crowd. At one point, there were forty-two people—including the jury and the press—behind the bar in the front of the courtroom. A newly arrived spectator would have had trouble picking out the defendant, except that only one of the forty-two was black. Harris, a darkly handsome man in his late 20s, rarely gave any sign of his thoughts as he watched the legal quest for his death. On the witness stand, he generally spoke softly and precisely, but he sparred gingerly a few times with Baxley, patiently correcting or disputing the sarcastic, dramatic attorney general and revealing briefly a more complex character than his regular demeanor suggested.

The trial never uncovered the complexities of either the man or the case. In 1972 at Atmore prison farm, an organization calling itself Inmates For Action (IFA) was born out of a strike supported so solidly by the prisoners, black and white, that it brought work to an almost total halt for a few days. After brief discussions with prison officials over a moderate list of grievances, the leaders of the strike were dispersed to other prisons, where some were beaten and locked for months in solitary confinement. But IFA survived and spread, despite further moves against it. These included successful semi-official pressures on whites—about 40 per cent of the Alabama prison population—to drop out.

Because of their resistance to routine practices, the black leaders of the IFA regularly found themselves tightly confined in "segregation units," where they grew more angry and militant. By shouting back and forth between cells, they conducted classes on subjects ranging from basic reading and writing to revolutionary theory. They had a receptive audience in the segregation units and in the general prison population. Conditions of existence in the prisons would guarantee that.

So do other circumstances. Some prisoners were arrested and convicted—or, more likely, pleaded guilty in the hope of receiving less severe sentences—for crimes they did not commit. Many are in prison on long sentences solely because they could not afford the legal help that properly gets much shorter sentences for others. And some inmates, especially blacks, concede the legal accuracy of their convictions but regard themselves as political prisoners of a system which chokes off their opportunities in life and then punishes them monstrously for seizing their own opportunities.

To maintain their fragile control of a tense prison, the vastly outnumbered officials and guards must employ a shrewd mixture of delicacy and force. The task becomes much more precarious—and dangerous—when the convicts, encouraged by a group like the IFA, openly question the conditions or the mere fact of their imprisonment. IFA members expected frequent attempts to silence them, either subtly or violently, and they did not intend to accept this passively. The Atmore rebellion occurred shortly after word arrived that an IFA member at Holman had

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been severely injured by guards. Some who took the lead in this desperate move regarded themselves as marked for death in any case. And shortly after the Atmore uprising a trusty, working in the warden's office at Holman, discovered what IFA members regarded as a "death list."

The name at the top was George Dobbins, IFA chairman at Atmore and the only inmate killed during the uprising. Officials said he had died of shotgun wounds, but investigations by a Mobile reporter revealed that he had died of stab wounds, apparently inflicted in the ambulance that was carrying him to a Mobile hospital. Another name on the list was Tommy Dotson, also an IFA leader and the only inmate killed during the subsequent incident at Holman. Officials said he died of a club blow administered to prevent him from knifing a guard, but concede that Dotson was in handcuffs throughout the incident. The coroner's list of his wounds and broken bones, including a multiply fractured skull, is 3 pages long.

The two hostage guards at Atmore were stabbed—one fatally—as the warden's forces rapidly closed in to crush the rebellion. But the rebels also had a detailed program for prison reform and wanted to negotiate, which the warden did not. They named four people who should be called to Atmore for this purpose. Shortly before he was killed, Dobbins wrote to the Link Society advocating higher pay for the guards.

Whatever Johnnie Harris' preference might have been, the mere location of his cell meant that he would be swept into this perplexing tangle of motives, passions and violence involved in the uprising at Atmore. Many letters sent from the prison farm contain careful political analyses or bristle with anger and revolutionary phrases, sometimes signed with adopted African names. Harris signs his given name to letters containing phrases like "Knowledge is the key to unity," which suggest neither a career criminal nor a political militant.

Attorney General Baxley admitted that the state had no direct evidence or testimony showing that Harris stabbed the guard, and asked the jurors to accept circumstantial evidence. But they did not have to. If Baxley could convince them that Harris had deliberately involved himself in schemes and deeds leading to the guard's death, they could legally convict him as an accomplice. So Baxley said that the state would show that Harris was a revolutionary ringleader of an attempt by the IFA to seize Atmore prison, loose the inmates across the countryside, and then move on to other prisons, slaughtering the pigs and capitalists along the way. Stabbing the guard was merely an early step in this plan.

Baxley commended the warden for tactical skill in thwarting the plan, but added that he thought the warden would have been justified in taking a different approach: "setting up a machine gun and giving all the ones who wanted to come out two or three minutes to get out and then mowing all the others down." Coming from the prospective governor of the state, it was a chilling remark, especially since Baxley acknowledged that even on ordinary days Atmore prison is a "horrifying jungle." His response to resistance against horrifying conditions of existence is machine guns.

One part of Morris Dees's defense strategy was to show at every opportunity that the state's case simply did not prove Harris to be either a principal or an accomplice in the death of the guard. The other part began to appear as soon as the state called its first witness, Warden Marion Harding. Dees asked him to name the IFA leaders at Atmore and wrote the names on a blackboard. Harris was not on the list. Dees consistently pictured himself and his client as sharing the attorney general's low opinion of "this revolutionary organization." Only because of threats from knife-wielding IFA leaders did Harris take even a minor role in the rebellion, according to the defense argument.

The success of this strategy would have to await the jury's verdict. Meanwhile, it succeeded in annoying or antagonizing many Harris supporters. This group included a founder of IFA, who had entered prison as Richard Lake and emerged years later as Mafundi. During a noon recess, Mafundi and a younger ex-inmate, who had turned from Jimmie Jones into Sekou Lumpen, engaged in a somewhat accidental news conference with part of the press corps. The two explained that the IFA's standing complaints against prisons had been echoed by the Alabama bar and medical associations and that a recent state study had urged reforms more radical on some points than the IFA program. Mafundi, who speaks calmly and precisely, accused Dees of participating in a conspiracy with Baxley to smear and destroy IFA, while advancing his own political ambitions.

Dees and his associates generally avoided the spectators who supported Harris, perhaps hoping not to blur the defense's portrait of its client as a good citizen of the prison, thrust against his will into an IFA rebellion. Dees apparently tried also to keep the supporters away from Harris. After a recess early in the proceedings, the judge sternly announced that at the request of the attorneys he was instructing spectators not to approach or speak with the defendant for the duration of the trial. Two things had happened just as that recess began. Mrs. Dorothy Williams had stepped up from her seat in a front row and spoke to Harris. She was widely known for two decades as a leader of the civil rights movement in south Alabama. Lately, she has been working with the Link Society and Families for Action, an organization of prisoners' kin, which drew its name and inspiration directly from IFA. On the day of the Atmore uprising, she was one of the people whom the IFA leaders asked the warden to call to the prison. Her conversation with the accused was brief and casual, but Dees could scarcely have been pleased by the picture of Harris conferring at the foot of the judge's bench with "Mother Williams," as some prisoners call her.

The other scene involved a young woman, white, like most of the people working on the Atmore-Holman defense, especially the legal personnel. She had been corresponding with Harris and visiting him in prison. Perhaps she kissed Harris in the courtroom, perhaps she only touched him or spoke closely with him. In any case, there was some buzzing around the courthouse about the encounter between the white woman and the black man—in prison for life on guilty pleas to charges including rape and on trial for killing a white guard. An elderly local white man, who sat on the defense side throughout the trial and seemed to count himself as one of Harris' supporters, suggested that it was a mistake to let scenes like that occur.

These two brief incidents and the instructions for

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spectators to stay away from Harris sharply illuminated not only the tactical problems facing the defense but also the intimate envelopment of the Atmore-Holman cases in the shadow of Southern history.

The Old South was a sharply defined class society of whites, with a huge block of blacks wedged into the base. The so-called "new South" is a moderately revised version of the same thing. Despite the careful class and racial divisions within this layered structure, it is infiltrated vertically by all kinds of personal connections. The one most widely publicized is the respectable plantation master, with his semi-public slave mistress, and half-caste children—or the various modern versions of the same thing. But the folklore of the South abounds also with tales of white women whose social status or impressive connections enable them to attract black men easily and act out their darkest desires. These affairs cause some tongue clucking, and even some humor, but rarely any rabid condemnation of the woman, though the man may find himself accused of rape.

People in favored positions are allowed to infringe or evade the social code—and the legal code—with relative impunity. It is the ordinary folk who are expected to observe the codes in all aspects of their lives and who are punished, socially or legally, when they don't. While Patricia Hearst was machine-gunning her way around California with the Symbionese Liberation Army, a Mobile shipyard worker grabbed a couple of hostages at the yard's offices, apparently in a desperate attempt to raise enough money to save his car from the finance company. The police shot him dead at the first opportunity. The local paper angrily denounced the dead man as a "terrorist" and advocated similar summary deaths for any future displays of rash violence. Its comments on Ms. Hearst's enthusiastic enlistment in the SLA explicitly denied any anger against her for converting to guerrilla warrior and contained no words stronger than "sad" and "depressing." Plain racism has not disappeared from the South, but the common white folk in the Bay Minette courthouse, who know they are expected to observe the codes, would not need racism to feel perturbed and insulted—almost double-crossed—by the liberties which the young white woman from the big city felt free to take with Johnnie Harris. Not always—but often enough—a willingness to break the rules is a sign of superior immunity from the rules, rather than of superior ethics or social conscience.

Like the civil rights movement before it, the recent activism around prison issues tends to attract whites who easily impress ordinary whites as classy adventurers and meddlers with low regard for less classy whites, in addition to superior immunity from the rules. The rusty barb, "Nigger lover!," is not necessarily or merely the racist epithet that the targets of it usually assume. It also expresses an outraged and reasonably accurate complaint against being persistently ignored, spurned, insulted, or attacked by the privileged classes, some elements of which are simultaneously giving themselves or their money in sympathetic support of blacks.

Perhaps white activists could develop political programs and personal attitudes to cope with this complaint, but among the whites working on the Atmore-Holman defense, there were various signs of an inclination—sometimes nearly a commitment—to keep common whites at a distance, politically and socially.

Some of these signs were small, though revealing: always writing black and white as "Black" and "white." Or speaking of "that hick radio station," meaning a country-Western music station, while studiously avoiding any similar remarks about soul music stations. Or being persistently puzzled by the absence of any evidence of the expected racism in a local, lower-class, white, high school dropout who was working with friendly competence and concern at the Link office; eventually seizing upon the fact that she displayed no personal interest in any of the black ex-convicts who frequented the office, and attributing this to racism—as if a personal life studded with black men would suggest the absence of racism more than its presence.

Other signs were not so comical: immediate pronouncements by people who had arrived from the North just a couple of days earlier about the "piggy" juries of "redneck bigots" certain to be seated in the trials. Some signs were simply insulting: a young lawyer not practicing long in the South, meeting for the first time with some of the supporters around Mobile, and expounding upon the racist traits of the rural Southern whites who would decide the fate of "the brothers," while sitting two chairs away was a woman who is a sociologically exact example of the bigots he was describing—but she and other members of her family have been involved with the defense effort longer than he.

Attitudes like these were not universal or perpetual, but they were present and were rarely questioned or contradicted. They tend to generate policies to match them. Some trial tactics were designed with the local white jurors in mind, but the rest of the defense effort, particularly the publicity, was aimed almost exclusively at attracting the support of blacks and of formally liberal or radical whites, mostly out of state.

Political activity of that sort not only fails conspicuously to address itself to any interests that average whites might share with blacks and that could eventually serve as the basis for a coalition. It also rouses ghosts that make joint political action of any kind almost impossible. During the slave centuries there were occasional revolts, usually brief and localized. But the highly organized and publicized abolitionist movement in the middle decades of the 19th century gave birth to the white South's most durable and troubling nightmare: black rebellion supported and sustained by outside forces beyond reach or control. The nightmare has been kept alive ever since by a succession of events and movements always sponsored in various ways by whites safely removed geographically or socially from the restive blacks they are supporting and also from the local whites, who will be the first and easiest targets of any black rising, peaceful or otherwise.

This recurring pattern of alliances has endured for a century and a half, the only significant change being that it has spread north and west with the black migration. The current turbulent campaign to integrate the Boston schools has been sustained in various public bodies and in the media by liberals from largely or entirely unaffected areas. They are content to have inner-city whites bear whatever troubles it involves and are also quietly stifling proposals now to extend the integration beyond the inner city.

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Among blunter forms of political activity, the SLA is an especially vivid, public-eye-catching example of the traditional militant alliance linking activist elements of the white upper classes with rebels who have sprung from the tattered and suppressed black masses. The Weather Underground, an offshoot from political activism around elite universities, is a similar operation, although apparently better organized and financed. Its major political statement, distributed in radical circles several months ago, argues that white activists should form a fighting alliance with uprisings of dark-skinned people around the world and inside the United States. It closes with a vision of the future: a few pictures of happily tough and scruffy dark-skinned youngsters and one of young, mod-attired white hitchhikers holding a sign showing their destination. Whatever was on the sign originally, the Weather Underground has erased it and written in "Berkeley," a gesture showing pretty clearly what sort of whites they are appealing to.

The Atmore-Holman defense effort also had the appearance of this typical alliance, so unhappily familiar in the personal and historical experience of white Southerners, between black militants and socially or geographically distant whites. Dees tried to deal with the problem by divorcing himself and Harris as much as possible from the IFA and from the supporters that the Atmore-Holman cases in general attracted. Little of this was done in the trials held at Brewton. Since there had been no attempt to win the support of local whites for the inmates' cause, there could hardly be a political defense frankly arguing for the justice and necessity of the inmates' actions. But the defense did not try to spurn or slander the IFA. Instead, it pictured the IFA as a rather moderate organization and disputed the state's proof of the particular charges against particular defendants. Wisely under these circumstances, the defense did not expect much help from the white jurors. The main hope was that if any black jurors were seated, they would find the defendants innocent, producing hung juries. It turned out that every jury in the cases tried so far was integrated. One had a black majority. They have all returned with unanimous verdicts—guilty.

Perhaps Dees's different strategy of actually siding with the state on the political issues involved in the trial would at least save Johnnie Harris' life. Baxley continually crusaded against savage revolutionaries thirsty for blood, and Dees answered merely that this did not apply to Harris. The testimony for the prosecution added up to asserting only that Harris had spoken briefly in discussions about revolution, had voluntarily assisted the actual uprising in various ways, had been carrying a knife at certain stages, and was in the immediate vicinity of the guard's death. The defense asserted that not even these things were true; that now—more than a year after the uprising—prosecution witnesses were "remembering" things about Harris' role which they had not remembered while giving detailed statements to state investigators shortly after the event; that initially the prosecutors had no case against Harris at all but constructed one when they discovered that he was the only inmate who could be executed if convicted.

Appropriately, perhaps, in a case where the prosecution was asking for the death penalty but admitted it had no direct proof of its murder charge against the defendant, the closing arguments by the opposing attorneys were devoted to philosophy and the sacred texts as much as to the facts of the case. Dees spoke in terms of justice, Jesus and the God of the New Testament. Baxley and the local county prosecutor inclined toward duty, the Constitution and the God of the Old Testament. Baxley wondered if the dead guard "would be avenged—well, not avenged—if justice would be done." Without contradiction from the defense, the prosecutors depicted the rebellious inmates as having no legitimate grievances, as seeking nothing but violence and blood. They called on the jurors to take a stand against this kind of revolution.

The judge instructed the jury that they could find Harris innocent or find him guilty of anything from second-degree manslaughter up to first-degree murder, which would carry an automatic sentence of death. A few hours later the jury returned with its verdict—guilty of murder in the first degree. Harris' electrocution has been postponed until appeals of the conviction are completed. □

ANARCHY WITHOUT PRESSURE

DENVER'S FREE UNIVERSITY

IVAN GOLDMAN

Denver

It would be appropriate to write an article celebrating the anniversary of Denver Free University (DFU), the largest, most successful free university in the United States. But DFU, founded in the anarchic period of the late 1960s, wasn't sufficiently well organized to record its birth date. Part of the legacy of the Free Speech Movement in Berkeley, the approximately 200 free universities are an aspect of collegiate militancy which didn't die with American disengagement from Indochina. It was in 1964 that Berkeley instructors, students and nonaffiliates (the latter hadn't yet acquired the name of "street people") established a forum for learning that would avoid the strictures of grades, big tuition fees, cumbersome bureaucracies and the other tendencies to hassle that the founders saw in the traditional college or university.

Free universities, founded mostly by student governments during a time of intense student activism, quickly

Ivan Goldman, a former staff writer on The Washington Post, *is writing a novel in Denver.*

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spread, becoming a hip novelty, almost a necessity to any self-respecting radical student body. Those early entities were always freewheeling, often disorganized; they tended to become battlegrounds for two dominant groups—radical politicos and encounter groups. After a few years the movement, though not quite prospering, was still afloat. Today new free universities are founded about as fast as old ones expire.

In 1969 DFU, then just another member of the pack, made its break from the bonds (and subsidies) of its parent organization, the University of Denver student government. Because very few free universities were then operating outside the financial and physical structures of traditional institutions of higher education, Denver's free university had to make its own way with no real guidance, no patterns to copy.

Its dedicated coordinators succeeded admirably. DFU is now a solid Denver institution, one of the happier aspects of life in this city. Paying homage to its free university traditions, it retains a pressure-free anarchy, while somehow accommodating itself nicely to a touch of organizational talent. Since going off on its own educational explorations, DFU has withstood political strife, debts, distrust, factionalism, misunderstanding, frustration, indolence, amateurism, sloppy bookkeeping, fools, witches, weirdos and geniuses.

dentist teaches a course on consumer dentistry, and a lawyer offers "The Law You Must Know." Denver academicians and urban planners speak highly of DFU; it seems to be an institution without enemies. And, after years of trying, it recently was accepted into the Colorado Adult Education Council.

Initiated by long-haired activists, Free University has managed to overcome the suspicions of other subcultures; establishmentarians are welcome and to be seen among both students and instructors. A $12 registration fee, which covers administrative costs, entitles the student to as many courses as he can handle. In a recent demographic survey, DFU learned that the average student age is 28. "We also took a survey among people to find out why they come here," said John Hand, one of the three full-time coordinators. (They all work for counter-culture salaries.) "Almost invariably, they said they wanted to sample some subject, get their feet wet and see if they liked it. The reason given second most often was that coming here is better than watching TV. Third was academic purpose. But this is fine. All the reasons are linked, and any reason is O.K."

In an attempt to spread its good fortune, this fall DFU will for the first time offer a course on how to establish and maintain a free university. It expects to draw would-be organizers from around the country. Recently, working with a nearby free university in Boulder, it established an association of free universities.

"The free University is a place where people can act upon their good ideas—where projects can get started," reads a descriptive manual. "We do not censor our course content because it may be controversial. If people do not like a subject, they are free not to enroll." DFU isn't kidding about that. It offers courses on the Arab-Israeli conflict from the Arab perspective, advanced witchcraft by witches, communism taught by Communists. Its 2,400 students can choose from more than 100 courses each quarter, in a range from substantial intellectual inquiry to just plain fun. There is house renovation, auto repair, Yoga, meditation, astrology, a discussion group for dissatisfied office workers, mountain sports, creative writing, theatre, film, design, silversmithing, harmonica, something entitled "A Class for People Who Want to Meet People, But Don't Want to Go to a Bar."

All courses are initiated by the instructors, who are a mixed bag of volunteers from the Denver area, many of them remarkably well-qualified. For instance, a bona-fide

DFU has prospered not only in the give-and-take of its classes but in a variety of spin-offs—its new, financially self-sufficient theatre group, a coffeehouse, an alternative elementary school, a prospering weekly discussion group made up of artists, writers and designers. "A lot of things go on without us really knowing about them," Hand observed. "Many times groups continue to meet at the end of the quarter and don't go through us any more, which is fine with us. We're not in this for the money."

For headquarters, DFU rents a huge, rambling house in a heterogeneous inner-city neighborhood of mixed ethnic and life-style groups. This year, in cooperation with Guru Maharaji Ji's Divine Light Mission, which is quite strong in Denver, DFU and other scattered community groups sponsored a one-day neighborhood street fair that was attended by thousands of people from around the state. The fair had no unifying theme, other than the fact that life is worth the effort, worth exploring, worth living. A fine, free message in a time of uncertainties. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Technology Versus Public Health

MEDICAL NEMESIS: The Expropriation of Health. *By Ivan Illich. "Ideas in Progress" series. Calder and Boyars Ltd. 184 pp. £3.50. Paper £1.25.*

LARRY CASALINO

> "The medical establishment has become a major threat to health."
>
> *Ivan Illich*
>
> *"El socialismo puede llegar sólo en bicicleta."*
> ("Socialism can come only on a bicycle.")
>
> *—Illich quoting one of Salvador Allende's ministers*

Aficionados of the writings of Ivan Illich will instantly recognize the connection between these two provocative statements. Other readers may neither agree with them nor understand their relationship. But they are linked most persuasively by Illich in his new book, *Medical Nemesis*, in which he uses health care as a paradigm of the "industrial mode of production."

Illich argues that any health care system—whether in capitalist or Socialist society—which is organized in accordance with the industrial mode of production *must* "produce clinical damages which outweigh its potential benefits . . . obscure the political conditions which render society unhealthy . . . and expropriate the power of the individual to heal himself and to shape his or her environment." *Medical Nemesis* is structured around these three criticisms, which Illich calls clinical, social and structural iatrogenesis.

Most people, radical critics included, have never thought to question what Illich considers one of the fundamental myths of industrial society: that modern medical progress has improved health. Illich's brief chapter on clinical iatrogenesis is not intended to be a careful assessment of clinical costs and benefits; rather it is a blitzkrieg attack intended to shock the reader out of his or her complacent acceptance of the myth. It advances the claim that modern medicine is both less effective and more dangerous than is usually supposed. "The specifically medical treatment of people is nowhere and never significantly related to a decline in the compound disease burden or to a rise in life expectancy." Improvements in health have been largely the result of improvements in working and living conditions. On the other hand, morbidity due to technical medical intervention now rivals that due to traffic, work and even war (e.g. 20 per cent of patients admitted to a typical university research hospital acquire a iatrogenic disease).

In the chapters on social iatrogenesis, Illich treats service institutions —such as medicine and education—as part of the problem of industrial society, whereas liberals look to them as part of the solution to society's ills. Illich shows in detail how people are forced to become dependent on the medical system at every stage and in nearly every area of their lives. This dependence causes great suffering; moreover, it is a powerful means of social control. Medicine is "a device to convince people who are sick and tired of society that it is they who are ill, impotent, and in need of technical repair." Medically certified symptoms excuse people from alienating jobs and from the struggle to reshape the society in which they live, from "the struggle for control over the tools of production."

Never one to approach a problem from a narrow perspective, Illich begins his long discussion of structural iatrogenesis by identifying culture with a health program ("Most traditional health care was a program for sleeping, eating, loving, working, playing. . . . 'Medical culture' . . . constitutes but a tiny fraction of culture's health-granting wholeness"), and then goes on to write histories of cultural concepts of pain, of disease and of death, with emphasis on the drastic changes in these concepts brought about by the industrial mode of production. Illich tries to show that any overindustrialized society must have the contemporary concepts he describes and that it must be an environmentally destructive class society composed of dependent, unhealthy, unhappy, atomized individuals.

"The crisis of medicine lies on a much deeper level than its symptoms and is consistent with the present crisis of all industrial institutions." *Medical Nemesis* can only be understood in the context of the analysis of the industrial mode of production which Illich has gradually developed in *Deschooling Society, Energy and Equity* and, most notably, in *Tools for Conviviality*. The first two books apply the analysis to education and transportation, while the last makes Illich's fullest general statement of the theory:

> Our present ideologies are useful to clarify the contradictions which appear in a society which relies on the capitalist control of industrial production; they do not, however, provide the necessary framework for analyzing the crisis in the industrial mode of production itself. I hope that one day a general theory of industrialization will be stated with precision. . . .

Illich appears to be claiming that his analysis is more fundamental than Marxism. While Marxism is useful for understanding the contradictions *within* industrial society, Illich attempts to analyze the contradictions *of* industrial society itself—contradictions which, he says, are just now becoming evident and which will lead in the not-too-distant future to a series of profound crises.

Just what does Illich mean by "the industrial mode of production"? We can get an idea of it by briefly examining three contradictions: First, there is the contradiction between the size and complexity of industrial tools and the need of human beings to understand and shape the environment in which they live. Marxists have been primarily concerned with *ownership* of the means of production; Illich, while agreeing that tools must be publicly owned, insists that the scale of a tool or organization must be treated as an independent and primary factor. "Certain tools are destructive no matter who owns them," for by their very nature they can only be understood and controlled by a few, no matter who owns them and, further, they must impose alienating living and working conditions on the rest of society.

Second, there is the contradiction between the industrial mode of production and what Illich calls the "autonomous" or "community" mode of production. Industrial society takes a basic need of people—such as the need for health care

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—and turns it into a commodity which can only be produced by capital-intensive means, which is ever "improved," and which must be continually consumed in its new, improved form in order to satisfy that need. It crowds out the things that people can do autonomously, like learning a skill without obtaining a degree, like bicycling instead of long-distance commuting to work, like maintaining health by one's own healthy life. This "radical monopoly" of an industrial mode—be it a compulsory school system, the auto industry or the medical establishment—makes people dependent on the very large tools which produce the first contradiction described above. *It inevitably produces a class society.* Once the satisfaction of a basic need is turned into a commodity, it becomes by its very nature scarce. Thus, only a minority can ever have the highest level of education in any society: "Unless Castro deschools Cuban society, he cannot succeed in his revolutionary effort no matter what else he does." Similarly, when health is transformed from a natural human capacity, something which one can gain and maintain, at least in large part, by one's own activity, to a commodity which one must continually purchase, it inevitably becomes scarce: only a small fraction of any population, whether in China or in the United States, can ever have access to the currently most advanced medical technology. In capitalist society these may be the owners or their managers; in Socialist countries it may be those who have consumed the most years of schooling.

The third contradiction is analogous to one outlined by Marx. For Marx, the contradiction was between the possibility of material abundance and non-alienating work made possible for the first time by the industrial mode of production, and the frustration of that possibility by capitalist control. For Illich (and the work of Murray Bookchin should also be mentioned here), the contradiction is between the industrial mode of production itself and the possibility, for the first time in history, of using technology to create small-scale tools which people could use to build a society of democratic, participatory and rationally decentralized control over work and living conditions.

Just as happened with education, Illich cuts below the symptoms of the crisis in medical care to analyze it as a paradigm of the industrial mode of production. His method of analysis makes him skeptical of proposed reforms and fearful that the present crisis will lead to an even stronger radical monopoly by the medical establishment. Increased government financing and planning of health care, national health insurance, nationalization of the drug industry, engineering a healthier environment and even public control of the medical system and equal access to it for the poor and minorities—all could increase the demand for the services of the medical establishment, conferring more power upon it and more control over the means of life itself. For public control of the medical system to work, people must realize that "Only a negative growth rate of the medical complex could promote *equal* access to *healthy* care."

LOOP HEAD

Below the lighthouse
Sinking on spongy ground,
The aphid's spittle
For laying eggs, we seem
Much too imaginative;
Birds, looping the cliffs,
Cry caught! *cry* caught!
Though all at once,
One makes a perfect dive
To leave us in the dark,
Outwitted and outmoded.

James Cole

Is Illich a Socialist? Occasionally he mentions a "post-industrial socialism" and writes (in *Tools for Conviviality*):

> The transition to socialism cannot be effected without an inversion of our present institutions and the substitution of convivial for industrial tools. At the same time, the retooling of society will remain a pious dream unless the ideals of socialist justice prevail.

Yet one wishes that Illich would make a clear statement of the relationship between his supposedly more fundamental analysis of the contradictions *of* industrial society and the Socialist analysis of contradictions *within* capitalist society. For example, Illich virtually ignores the concept of class struggle. And, as Herb Gintis points out in the best Socialist critique of Illich to date, he sometimes speaks as though service institutions (like medicine) and consumption patterns, rather than the organization of the means of production, could be used as basic explanatory variables for the structure of a society. Marxist theory does what Illich has not as yet achieved: it provides, as an integral part of the theory, an explanation of causes and a prediction of why change will happen. It is vital to understand that Illich is dealing with a more complicated problem than what caused capitalist society. Questions come easier than answers. It may be easier to seize state power than to stem the growth of the industrial state. Did capitalism cause industrial society? If not, what did cause its genesis and growth and what sustains it and the unquestioning faith in it on the part of capitalists and most Socialists? What is the relationship between the rise of nation-states and the growth of industrialization? What is the relationship between the drive of all nations to industrialize and their attempts to be ready for military defense or attack? Is Illich's post-industrial socialism possible for any nation which tries to sustain a military establishment requiring the mobilization of the entire society to support the large-scale, powerful tools needed to wage modern war?

And what would change an industrial society? Illich's own suggestions for political action are by far the weakest part of his books, yet nowhere does he confess doubt about the means or agents of change. He argues that no present government with the exception of China could advance toward a post-industrial socialism, but despite this revolutionary outlook his suggestions for action are limited to calls for "counterfoil" research (such as he is doing), formation of groups to interpret the present and the coming crises to the public as crises of industrial society itself, and the use of the legal system to attack corporate industry before the revolution and as a model means of resolving conflicts after the revolution.

Illich's sweeping critique of even radical struggles for change in the educational system paralyzed many educational activists. It would be most unfortunate if this happened to medical radicals. Gintis writes: "Liberating technologies cannot arise in education or in production spontaneously or by imposition from above. They must evolve from conscious cooperation and struggle." Illich seems to miss the possibility that local institutional struggles for "non-reformist reforms" can result in developing organizations of people who could in fact work toward post-industrial socialism. As a Stanford doctor working to start a staff and a consumer controlled Health Maintenance Organization says, "Sure, we're working within the medical system, but in this HMO we'll be able to help people learn to take care of themselves, explain to them that we don't need cardiac care units. . . ."

Despite these flaws, I consider *Medical Nemesis* and Illich's other works to be essential reading. Socialists have not yet come to grips with Illich. Gintis' critique is dated and in many places attacks a straw man, not Illich. Illich argues that the failure of many Socialist revolutions (e.g., in the Soviet Union) is

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due in large measure to their industrial bias. I agree, and would urge that it is critical that Socialist movements for control of the tools of production be infused with his analysis.

But what about China, with its Cultural Revolution, its barefoot doctors and its small-scale industry combined with rural farming communes? Illich occasionally singles out China and Mao for admiration, yet points to factors which make him question whether this country, too, will not end up looking like other industrial states. The Chinese Revolution seems to be incredibly fertile ground for specific examination of Illich's concepts. Ivan, for your next book, how about China? □

Rediscovering Erskine Caldwell

MORRIS RENEK

To escape being helpless in the face of murder, torture, spying, betrayal, crime in the highest places, fiction paradoxically finds the humanity beneath these acts and re-creates the action within the wholeness of its world. Dickens is the great master of the art of evoking the weight of a hero's world so that violence is not isolated but an integral part of the whole. In our own day there have been fiction writers of enormous popularity whose strengths, though they fall short of Dickens' genius for suggesting the largest context for his characters, are still real and important. Yet they are remembered as the entertainers of the age, and few expect them to have the insights that make fiction that is a decade, a generation ahead of the headlines. A learned man of letters has complained that Erskine Caldwell's characters are grotesques. He missed the prophecy. What was grotesque to him has become truth for us. Caldwell is a writer rich in the humor of everyday living, sympathetic, and yet without illusions. Chekhov's sweetened, tough humor has this quality. Caldwell is a simple teller of earthy tales with a style as simple as Hemingway's, with Hemingway's talent of rubbing out the metaphysical while leaving in its resonance.

Caldwell is so laconic that his millions of readers would be hard put to remember that his Jeeter Lester, the quintessence of white trash, is an heir. He's the third generation of landowners gone from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves. His prodigal father and grandfather took all the money out of the land, letting the thin, fertile topsoil for tobacco blow away. They used up their resources for themselves. Their neglect of their children is almost total. By the time Jeeter's own family has come along, the children have no respect for kin. The grandson takes keen delight in torturing the grandmother and making her old age as uncomfortable as possible. The destitute women are left to rut or fend off rutting males. A semblance of dignity comes to them through religion, but religious terms and rituals are used to express sexual feeling, promote sexual conquest. Mired in this slough, Jeeter and his family yet manage to feel superior to those around them. Their hilarious humanity shines over the entire American landscape. The impression is that popular manners and mores no longer come down from the wealthy but up from Caldwell country.

Erskine Caldwell excels in depicting the underlying horror of the quest for daily bread. "Saturday Afternoon" is a short story that belongs with the best of American fiction. Few have equaled its hands-off style. The characters are on the page as life has made them.

The background is Georgia, but so simply rendered that it could be anywhere. The characters are prosaically doing what can be seen in every town. They are trying to get by. The time is Saturday afternoon. The town's one and only butcher shop has no business during these hours and the two butchers have nothing to do. It's too early for shoppers to buy their meat for tomorrow and those who want meat for tonight have already bought it.

Tom the butcher kicks off his shoes to take a nap on the meat block. His special treat on this sweaty day in his fly-ridden shop is to stretch out with a hunk of cool rump steak from the ice house under his head for a pillow. No customers will interrupt him. Those from the country are not due in town because they live by the sun, which is half an hour slower than railroad time.

But Tom's snooze is broken. His partner had just heard a man at the barber's say a Negro had talked to a gal. Within minutes the town is stirring. Autos are in pursuit and more autos are about to follow to get Will Maxie. Will is a virtuous, hard-working, self-supporting, non-cussing, non-drinking farmer who doesn't even touch Coke. A characteristic Caldwell touch that is all the more poignant for being skipped over so briskly.

They find the industrious Will at home tending to his cotton. He is a smart, careful planter who also raises a lot of corn to the acre. "But nobody liked Will. He made too much money. . . ."

Cans of gasoline, trace chain for the neck, brushwood for the fire are gathered up. The town druggist sees this as an opportunity to sell ice cold Coca-Colas. The butchers can't stay until the end of the lynching. They have to rush back to their shop. It's getting to be that time on Saturday afternoon when customers buy their meat for Sunday before it is picked over by the country people.

The story ends as it began with the routine of business as usual settling over the town. □

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This Way to the Egress

HUMBUG: The Art of P.T. Barnum. *By Neil Harris. Little, Brown and Company. 337 pp. $10.*

RICHARD KUCZKOWSKI

After sketching Barnum's bleak childhood and his early ventures as a lottery manager, country-store clerk, and crusading editor, *Humbug* focuses on the high points of his career: his beginnings in show business; the establishment of the "American Museum"; the spectacularly successful promotions of Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale"; his ruinous investment in a clock factory and his financial recovery; his efforts in politics; and finally the creation of "The Greatest Show on Earth" and the acquisition of Jumbo, perhaps the best loved (no doubt because best advertised) elephant in history. Professor Harris' study reduces Barnum's anecdote-filled life to a compact but comprehensive narrative that reveals the rising curve of his fame, fortune and respectability despite mountebank beginnings and frequent setbacks.

Biography, however, is merely the framework of this well-documented and admirably written book. Regarding Bar-

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num as "an intelligent, complex, and well organized entrepreneur whose business involved the myths and values of a self-proclaimed democracy," Professor Harris seeks to make historical sense of Barnum's career by examining the issues raised by his "art" and its appeal to 19th-century Americans. In fact, some of the best pages of *Humbug* help explain the more problematic aspects of Barnum's appeal. Why, for example, were his audiences so eager to pay for the privilege of seeing such obvious frauds as the woolly horse or the "Fejee Mermaid"? Why were they so delighted to roam through the Believe-It-Or-Not conglomeration of curiosities, vaudeville-style performers and freaks of animal and human nature which Barnum housed in his American Museum? The beginnings of Barnum's career offer the best insights into these questions and into the nature of popular entertainment. One of his first successes can serve as a paradigm for his "art" and for the hundreds of similar promotions that made him an American legend.

In 1834, Barnum came to New York. In his early 20s and eager to make his fortune, he began looking for a profitable venture in which to invest his Connecticut Yankee assets: meager capital, great energy, a sharp-dealing country-store clerk's practical, pranksterish intelligence and knowledge of human psychology. Within a year he had bought a Negro slave named Joice Heth and exhibited her as George Washington's nurse. Her appearance—toothless, half-paralyzed, totally blind—as well as a bill of sale for her dated 1727 and signed by Augustine Washington seemed sufficient proof of her claim to being 161 years old. This, along with her lively conversation—full of memories of Revolutionary America and "dear little George," stories of the Washington household (no doubt the first of the "My Years Backstairs at the White House" genre), commendable religious sentiments and occasional hymns—convinced Barnum that she could be made into an unbeatable attraction, a sort of garrulous, patriotic Methuselah. A deluge of portraits, pamphlets, biographies and newspaper squibs heralded "the first person to put clothes" on George Washington. When attendance flagged, a letter planted in a Boston paper contended that Joice was a "curiously constructed automaton, made up of whalebone, india-rubber, and numberless springs . . . and made to move at the slightest touch, according to the will of the operator." Who could resist seeing Joice a second or third time to check the truth of this charge?

Joice died within a year and an autopsy showed that she was no more than 80, but Barnum continued his publicity campaign. More planted stories involved two New York newspapers in an absurd debate and kept the confused but delighted public guessing. One thing is clear. The supposed Mammy of our country nursed Barnum from obscurity to a certain renown.

Combining sharp Yankee peddling (transformed into razzle-dazzle advertising and publicity stunts) with the tall tale and an almost Dadaist wit and irreverence, Barnum's "art" was the creation of events and pseudo-events, the manipulation of words and myths, often in contradiction of reality, for the purposes of amusement. Barnum both embodied and exploited certain features of the American character of his time. Embracing the brash Jacksonian egalitarianism and skepticism of his youth, he transformed them into profitable business by catering to the vanities and conceits of the common man. Rather than guaranteeing the authenticity of his offerings, he stressed doubt; he challenged the spectator—the ordinary citizen now become his own authority on social, ethical and aesthetic matters—to pit himself against the exhibitor and decide the issue for himself.

Moreover, the very trickiness of Barnum's tricks appealed to his audience. The popularity of how-to books, hoaxes, automata, Poe's ratiocinative mysteries, the technical data prominent in the sea stories of Dana and Melville—this range of manifestations testifies to the 19th-century American's desire, fed by popular education and burgeoning technology, to find out how things worked. His guiding principle, which Professor Harris terms an "operational aesthetic," equated information, technique and complication with beauty and truth. Barnum advertised his exhibits as teasing problems for the public to solve.

Barnum revealed the mechanisms and machinations behind his success in abundant detail in his autobiography, *Struggles and Triumphs*. Professor Harris reads that book as a "text on the social function of illusion and the role of the deceiver in an egalitarian society." And no wonder. Barnum's exploits, like those of the archetypal Trickster of folklore, gave his audiences (and still give us) the pleasure of seeing picaresque intelligence in action, of vicariously and harmlessly indulging those dangerous tendencies toward deceit and disorder which would destroy society if we all acted them out. But Barnum's career also highlights the tensions between the desire for social confidence and the knowledge of widespread deceit in a competitive society which had repudiated traditional foundations of authority and trust. In such a society, who can be trusted? If no one is to be trusted, how can social cohesion or a humane life be possible?

Melville pushed such tensions and questions to bewildering extremes in *The Confidence Man*. In *Struggles and Triumphs*, Barnum glossed them over with a businessman's practical morality. If the public regarded Barnum with trusting skepticism, his own attitude toward a career based on deviousness and deception was a seamless fabric woven of irony and sincerity. His adherence to the virtues of hard work and self-discipline, his democratic principles and claims as a public benefactor (he made a rousing speech in the Connecticut legislature favoring the Fourteenth Amendment and Negro suffrage and fought for the common man against the railroad interests), his temperance crusading, and perhaps most of all his financial success, guarded him from the charge of amorality.

By the time Barnum died in 1891, he had become a sort of 19th-century Walt Disney. But neither his career nor his age had resolved the issues clustered around social confidence. If anything, they set patterns which we recognize in our own time of crumbling credibility. Popular entertainment, of course, continues to be a nest of paradoxes where faith and profiteering, confidence and deception are brought together in a lucrative, slightly pornographic embrace. Barnum's direct descendants in advertising and the now sacrosanct rock industry are hardheaded men who traffic in the airiest of illusions; we pay them our

EDGE

Bored with spheres and hemispheres
I went to find an edge
To divide
Shadow into light and dark
Precisely.

Taut between twisted peaks
The edge hummed
The wind's myths
Telling of victories on the other side.

As I approached
It turned, became a curve, a slope
Falling to a valley
And what seemed
Another edge beyond.

That too when reached
Became transformed
And I gave up the search.

Now the honing of the years
Has set
The edge in me.

William Sprunt

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money so that we may be deceived in style and amused in a manner worth paying for. Fair enough. But Barnum's collateral descendants, as one might call them, have expanded the role of the egalitarian deceiver beyond musical freak shows and into politics. Like Barnum, politicians embody certain aspects of the national character and manipulate our values and dreams; that is the nature of their profession—and, along with high-principled deviousness and moral legerdemain, its greatest temptation. The Watergate hearings catered to a distinctly modern form of the "operational aesthetic."

Barnum's tricks were tricky, but they were not dirty. His own political career, though brief and personally unsatisfying, was apparently blameless and laudable. Still, the portrait of Barnum—early, middle and late—skillfully drawn in *Humbug*, tells us something of importance about the American character. □

Snug in Prospero's Cell

THE WONDER-WORKER. *By Dan Jacobson. Atlantic-Little, Brown and Company. 191 pp. $5.95.*

BRUCE ALLEN

Dan Jacobson's "Wonder-Worker" is (beneath a wittily contrived "double" disguise) that complicated figure, the Artist; and his savagely droll novel assembles several interlocking paradoxes into an elegant statement about art's power to unsettle the lives of those who practice it. His story suggests that the giving of form to idea is terrifying; in so doing, it articulates demanding dualities. Art is imaginative escape from banality—liberation; or, conversely, it is imprisonment. The dispersal of the sensibility into and among the artifacts it creates, is a dissolution. Or else it is a process of accretion, building toward a rounded, pleasingly finished object. Further, the act of daring to invent is an opening into alternatives; or else it is self-immurement in the sharply closing trap of actuality. The above imponderables, and others, are dramatized in a fable of wickedly appropriate doubleness: the book is about schizophrenia.

It tells two stories, in more or less alternating chapters. The first of them focuses on Timothy Fogel, an intense *Wunderkind* possessed of unusual powers and remarkable sensitivities. Timothy was born in a grocer's shop, in wartime London, to the German-Jewish sign painter Gerhard Fogel, and his vacuous Irish wife Maureen. Odd things happened when Timothy appeared, and his mother uttered unearthly screams ("His advent was thus accompanied by omens"). The war had originally driven the Fogels from Germany. Later, Maureen was injured during the London blitz. Their son's inheritance is a curious remoteness from the external world, and an increasing inward concentration on his own nature.

Once he has placed Timothy against a solid background, Jacobson prodigally doles out incidents and complications (the entire novel is deceptively eventful, melodramatic to a degree that neatly varies its relentless intellection). Maureen dies; her son replaces her at the seamstress' shop. He comes to love the mercurial Susie Sendin, then falls in with her brother Laurence, who finds fulfillment as a burglar. Susie teases, retreats, is blatantly unfaithful. Laurence gives Timothy a stolen ring—and it appeals to that introvert's perception of deep mystic significances, *within* things. Gerhard remarries. He and his son drift further apart. Timothy murders Susie, then pauses to fantasize about the life he might have had with her. In his own mind, he is an unemotional God, objectively dispensing "justice."

Is there reason in such madness? The question is considered in *The Wonder-Worker*'s other narrative, which is set in a Swiss sanatorium overseen by a mysterious psychologist, Dr. Wuchs. The narrator of this section is a patient: his affliction is described, amusingly enough, as an "attack of graphomania." Urged to seek self-understanding (*Selbstverstehen*), he writes furiously, creates compulsively ("trapped in the lives I was writing about").

Is he Timothy, captured and incarcerated? A bit later on, we learn that this protagonist's father is an art dealer. (There's also a woman patient, hazily sketched, whom the narrator courts warily.) "Fogel" is not a German word, but its homophone, *Vogel*, means (literally) "bird," or (colloquially) "fellow, chap": in other words, Everyman.

Dr. Wuchs is no less a riddle. He is described as "a scientist, whose only concern is with what exists objectively in the world." But the man of fact encourages his imaginative patient's exploratory creations, hinting cryptically that "the dead come back." The primary meaning of the German word *wuchs* is "growth, development." The narrator suspects his doctor is a Nazi.

Jacobson makes us guess at the relationship of Timothy Fogel to the institutionalized "writer." A kind of visionary capacity is suggested in the 4-year-old Timothy, fallen, dangling upside down from his swing, seeing the world (as Pip saw the church) from a frighteningly stimulating perspective. Timothy's strong powers of observation, his imagistic grasp of his milieu, are beautifully rendered—especially in an intensely erotic description of the child Susie.

Eventually, the clues are confirmed. We can assure ourselves that Timothy's story is the one the patient-narrator is writing. But why? Is his creation of the Fogels the narrator's revenge on his Anglicized, self-made-respectable German father?

Jacobson adroitly blurs all comforting distinctions. It's possible that the suffering narrator determines to make his creation, Timothy, suffer too, through the "instrument" of Susie Sendin. Timothy nearly has a vision (he can't quite make out the image) of the narrator, writing about him.

All the novel's details ingeniously support its dazzling duality. Timothy's madness pointedly symbolizes art's Olympian toying with the question of permanence-and-flux. Learning of his mother's frequent adulteries, the boy tries to lose consciousness, "become brick." Timothy feels within himself the power to "transform" himself into alien substances and objects ("The gates of matter opened for him"). This is a retreat into form, to be sure; but it's also a device for inhabiting a continuum of varied possibilities. Thus, Timothy dreams alternative revenges against the faithless Susie; annoyed by her brother Laurence, he thoughtfully consigns him "to live in a world stripped of alternatives." Timothy sneers at the Sendin family's collection of cricket trophies, crass evidence of "a life that had been transformed into objects."

A paradoxical state of "total being" is further explored in Timothy's developing passion for precious stones (supplied, obligingly, by the light-fingered Laurence). From their many-sided luminosity, he infers a radical theory of "the crystalline structure of time": a rejection of the cause-effect relationship, and a certainty that present time is only an incarnation of potential, that might

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as well have existed elsewhere, played itself out differently.

The reasoning is knotty indeed, but its dramatic relevance for the novel seems to be the assertion that we underestimate reality when we view it unilaterally, and overestimate it (and drive ourselves to violence, or self-destruction?) when we're needlessly aware of every potential complexity that a situation can contain.

Perhaps we're meant to concede that Timothy's "growth" and the narrator's "confinement" are literal, are also illusory, and are potentially interchangeable. Their willed "transformations" are transcendings, adventures into mysterious and welcome states of being. Are they also retreats, from unwelcome discoveries?

Before Maureen Fogel died, she was doubtless mad. She kept escaping from the hospital (Jacobson's narrator, too, flees from his sanatorium, and takes refuge in a department store). After her death, Maureen was cremated; "Dispersed forever . . . over . . . London. . . ." It is a fate neither Timothy nor the narrator can bear to imagine. Each is terrified, ultimately, by the suspicion that form may yield to chaos, that the artist's little, gemlike clusters of perfection are doomed to dissipate, and melt into what lies ominously around them (it is the world).

I think Jacobson muddles his meanings somewhat in showing us Timothy, on the point of dispatching Susie Sendin, gripped by "a desire to take into his hands some soft, vulnerable creature and crush it out of sheer tenderness." There is the urge to mold and shape, coupled with a recognizable megalomania: and exactly why they should couple, isn't exactly clear. But the novel's protean complexity is immediately recaptured: the dying Susie's scream recapitulates Maureen's at the moment she gave birth. Timothy Fogel, it would seem, is enclosed in a form not of his own devising. Was Timothy an invention? Is the narrator a madman and murderer? And if so, isn't he, *too*, thus "enclosed"?

Readers (those unreasonable creatures) expect sequence and logic. The narrator, snug in his cell, denies their relevance. Is the man who reasons thus (if he's not Dan Jacobson) a madman, who chooses art? Or an artist, who becomes mad? The sly Mr. Jacobson may be telling us that there isn't all that much difference between them. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

"The street-as-a-room," said Louis Kahn, and today we may outdo the Victorians in our exuberance for that concept of the covered corridor. It is the mall, the galleria, the greenhouse; call it what you will, it is the big public space sheltered from the elements by a roof of Buckminster Fuller scale.

Combining our passion for the megastructure and the circus, John Portman's bravado Hyatt hotels have proliferated the form; the lobbies designed by this Atlanta architect-developer stretch skyward as their 20 stories or so of overlooking balconies dribble greenery for some grazing 20th-century brontosaur. Kevin Roche's doughnut-shaped structure with an inner covered court for the Ford Foundation, a stunning glass-roofed confection, was another early ancestor. Yet these are just early exercises in vertigo and verdancy, the celebrities of the new species.

Today, we have a new kind of indoor-outdoor chamber gone public. What was once a single novel space, is now a new total shape. In cities from Minneapolis to Trenton, from Kalamazoo to Boston, Seattle, Denver or Portland, the soaring new atrium is being laced into the tired old downtown. Such places create a network of design as well as a singular extravaganza. By attaching skyways and bridges to gallerias measured in acres, we gain an animated center for urban wastelands: it is not too much to say that this new form of the decade could be the architect's version of a heart transplant—the throbbing organism (the galleria) with its arteries (bridges and connectors) carries new blood to old limbs (already existing stores and offices).

Part theatre, part platform, places like Minneapolis' new IDS (Investors Diversified Services) Center thus aim to be crossroads and civic and communal meeting areas as well. Typically, the IDS, winner of last month's AIA award, is not just one structure but four buildings (hotel, offices, stores) plugged into or growing from one central court of superscale and then attached to the total old downtown. Enter the indoor-outdoor space: the mall feels "indoors" in the way all architecture is indoors when it is sheltered from the sun and wind and cold; it is "outdoors" in the way the street beneath the distant sky and the public arena feel outdoors. It is indoor-outdoor space: the street-as-room.

Such spaces as the IDS provides are exceptions to our anti-urban era; we have no name for them. Architects use words like "atrium" and "agora" or "piazza," with their suggestion of a classical community: a new architectural order stemming from the old. Publicists go for phrases like the Crystal Court, the name affixed to the IDS' block-filling space by architects Philip Johnson/John Burgee of New York.

Nor do we have fixed legal ways to deal with them. The novelty of such architecture is shown by its ambiguous social and political status; we have barely begun to deal with the implications of the indoor-outdoor, private-public environment. If the shopping mall's owner-operated security system has distressed many in the recent past (see "Shopping Mall Dream World: Xanadu in the Parking Lot," by Jennifer Cross, *The Nation*, May 11, 1974), what happens when those practices move downtown? The street-as-room structures are not isolated, but meshed into an old urban building system, incorporated in a society where the rich and poor coexist as consumers. Sometimes, as in the case of Minneapolis' skyway, they parallel the public street—*are* the public street. In design terms, a private space becomes a public one by reason of its size and activities; simple ownership ruling the roost produces neither the design animation nor the market or human life now sought.

To go on with the case at hand, the IDS center: Preceded by a decade of linkages (skyways) and other lacing structures (the North Star Motel), the IDS brings all that an animated center should to its design. I found the design for downtown Minneapolis dazzling. In idea and execution, the Johnson/Burgee conglomeration of four buildings around this sort of indoor-outdoor space is the best of the breed. The space—a central 121-foot-high Crystal Court—creates a marketplace in the dimensions of the Big Top. But the architectural arrangements are formally adroit without flaunting their cleverness; the details are flashy without excess; the space is monumental and not meretriciously so. The tower which touches the court and marks the IDS on the landscape is a zigzag octagonal shape that allows thirty-two corner rooms to edge along one side of the hotel but is tucked into the multi-use form. The other structures all nudge into the 20,000-square-foot Crystal Court, which sits under a roof of plastic cubes with metal-framed glass windows above. Shops line the first and second floors and restaurants peer down from a balcony above the first floor. On the ground

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level, there are planter-benches to sit upon; an ice cream parlor; shops. Below, there is a movie theatre. All are patronized by the new inhabitants of the 51-story office towers and the old city alike; all are connected by the city's pedestrian passages at the second level, hooked in to eight entrances and exits at the IDS itself. In short, it is a multi-purpose place executed with fine polish in detail. Johnson's showmanship with shiny materials, his lively placement of stories, alleviate the antiseptic nature of the new, and partially relieve the rather drab nature of Minneapolis' Jes' Plain Folks window trim and merchandising.

"One of the luckiest teams," Johnson has said, referring to the circumstances that prefaced his invitation. His is an architecture much conditioned by circumstances, it would seem. Unlike his Bobst Library for New York University on Washington Square, where a high central courtyard is dizzyingly surreal, or the newer Pennzoil glass triangles in Houston, this is not mere formal object making. This is a place, not merely shape or space.

For all these charms, I must admit the place provoked discomfort as well as admiration during a weekend visit, and I am not quite sure why. Perhaps it is merely the rarity of the experience of indoor-outdoor space. (Do you wear a coat or carry it? Are you inside or out? That sort of humdrum uncertainty can unsettle.) Or it may be something more personal in one's memory of chlorine-laden pools beneath too-filtered sunlight. Or perhaps it is the social disquiet mentioned—semi-private space: private enterprise masquerading as public purpose. It may simply be all this grandiloquent architecture, this vaulting chamber for shopping as consumerism stretches to Gothic reaches. One learns to be comfortable with grandeur and newness—we ignore the 19th-century ancestors of the inner urban courtyard nicely (too nicely in Les Halles, which is gone, or Grand Central Station, which may be going).

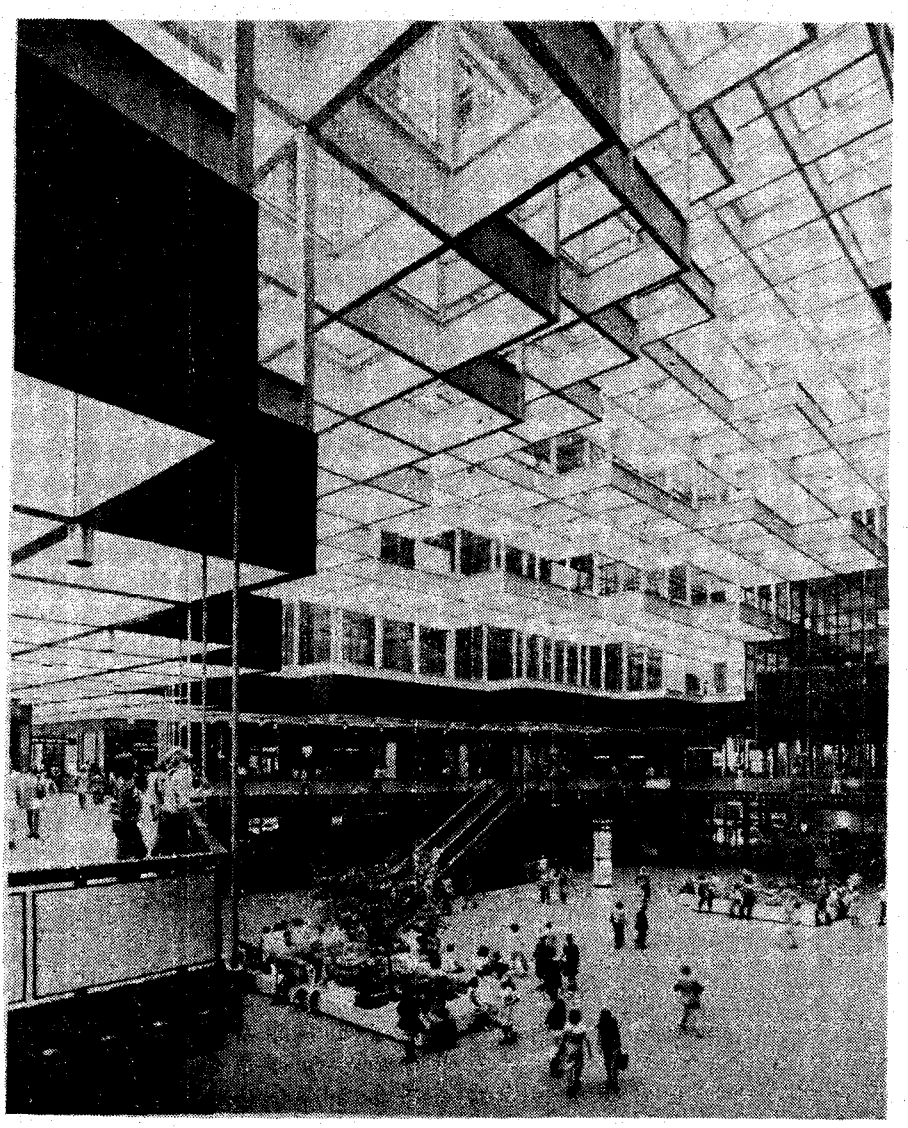
The notion of the gallery dates from Biblical times. Milan has the most famous one, and you can find linkages and fantastic connections long before "King's Dream of New York, the Cosmopolis of the Future," a drawing from 1903 with skyways and pedestrian bridges. The idea is old; it is we who are new at using it. We have not yet mastered the design intricacies of Les Halles, nor even the routine excellence of the leftover 19th-century arcades dotting the country in cities like Providence and even Los Angeles, with its Bradbury Building.

Nonetheless there is a newness here in both *form* and *phenomenon*. It is assuredly of 20th-century origin and 20th-century ambience. Without climate control, without city property values gone limp and space cheap, without the new power of the pedestrian and the drama of a walking city, we should never have such spaces. Last year, no shopping centers or covered malls were planned for U.S. downtowns; this year, 9 per cent of the new ones are slated for urban centers, and the galleria idea pervades a majority. The economy and the energy crisis may slow down the confined packaging of these nature-less zones; the concept remains. The street-as-a-building is certainly amenable to a less energy-dependent mode.

Put aside, then, the 1960s residue that makes those who see Emerald Cities suspect they are wearing the green glasses of privilege. For there is cause for optimism here. As more of the indoor-outdoor spaces seek public funds, they adopt a more public posture. And in this transition, the IDS paves the way for others.

For one thing, it appears to cater to a far broader population than its suburban or hothouse predecessors. There is some sense of access here: kids sit on the rugged floor eating sloppy sandwiches; Ma and Pa Kettle types promenade, uttering "ooo's" straight out of Hollywood. The place was scarcely packed during my weekend visit and the sense of openness may be illusory or not much good beyond the homogeneous population of this low-crime city of half a million. Still, it is the sense of people that saves such spaces—as it is the skyways that give the sense of direction and purpose to the architecture. Lancing out on the second floor, linking a 9-to-5 life style of restaurants, offices, stores, they give economic and social meaning to Johnson's asymmetrical organization. His diagonal plan is more than arbitrary; there is the fulfillment of "utility" in the eternal trio of firmness, commodity, delight.

Similarly, utility or public purpose pardons the IDS' 51 stories for looming



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over the city: this high-rise portion of the four structures is not merely an icon of competitive ego. It is not a John Hancock or Prudential Insurance Company building that tries to inch out its competitors for supremacy in the skies of Boston or Chicago but a tower that marks the total city on the prairie.

One hears that the design success is not paralleled by economic strength (cost estimates spread from $75 million to $125 million). Whether the building broke (or broke even for) IDS, matters, of course, but it is not central to future accountings. Where the public pays and the rejuvenated city is the beneficiary, the dollars and cents have meaning beyond industry's bottom line.

Moreover, if failure is an orphan, the many parents here are witness to the system's success. The IDS has innumerable claimants for parentage. "If you ever wish to write a novel to surpass *The Fountainhead*, the title might be *The Birth of a Building*," writes Edward F. Baker, a local architect since the late 1950s who toured me through the complex. Other credits include Lawrence Halprin, the San Francisco landscape architect who did the Nicollet Mall pedestrian and bus route, a catalyst on Main Street completed eight years ago; Dayton's department store, praised for boldness of leadership; IDS and Johnson/Burgee, of course; city fathers in politics, planning, business, etc., and—to give credit to the sole silent contributor—Minneapolis' climate. The frigid temperatures led to the early skyways and, by some reports, persuaded Johnson to swap in his first tired scheme of a high rise-surrounded-by-plaza for the courtyard.

When all are listed, the very *largeness* of the ancestry begins to look like its creative force. (A visit to the new Federal Reserve a few blocks away, a building of more limited parentage, confirms the impression. A structure whose engineering pyrotechnics—the firm of Gunnar Birkerts and Associates built it on the principle of the two-legged bridge—are more show than substance, it is grossly overdesigned, and a demonstration of what single-minded exhibitionism based on the high-rise-and-plaza formula can produce. No one would call the IDS understated; but at least there were reins on that statement.)

So it is that praise goes to the long *time* span as much as to the long list of names, I would venture. Like Les Halles, which took forty years to build, and Rome which every schoolchild still learns wasn't built in a day, the Minneapolis system is close to twenty years old, and far older parts are retained and given lifeblood by it. Here was none of your hurry-up, wipe-out planning; here, a piecemeal architecture settled in. It is a process as much as an architecture on which to model all city renewals. The Minneapolis Planning and Development Department has still not placed the last period on the project. It plots its course for 1985, when some "sixty-four skyways" will be added to today's dozen.

The sense of time in design is this generation's lost art. It could be Minneapolis' and IDS' great gift and the new public-private space's deepest meaning. For, despite its megastructure size, the complex grew. It thus exists in time, as all cities do; it is an architecture of increment and accretion, as is all nature, all history. Little by little it came to fit. Like so many of this new downtown's assets, time is in a sense negative. This is not an Instant City in the same way that it is not a box, not an empty galleria, not a place where tape-recorded bird calls lull the rich, as they do at the Hyatt-Regency. It is not static. And, finally, the central lesson of the new main street—this IDS street-as-room—may be that its multi-block meanderings are not yet done. □

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DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Just as one was about to toss the New York City Ballet's Ravel Festival into the drink, along came a Balanchine ballet that looks like a masterpiece. It is *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, and it opened the third, last of the Ravel programs. *Le Tombeau de Couperin* is one of those marvels of complicated simplicity. It is set for two quadrilles that remain politely yet firmly discrete until the last dance, the Menuet. The first dance becomes the tonic chord for the next three. It is done in the square formation typical of barn dances, and anyone who has ever spent an evening square-dancing would have no trouble calling out the figures (ladies' and men's chains, four-hand stars, promenades) or recognizing the etiquette unique to the form—the endless curtsies and little sashays which acknowledge three categories of neighbors, one's partner, one's right-hand couple and the group at large. The formation of the second dance is a line of sixteen which is divided into eights, maintaining the original quadrilles, and then again into fours, and then again, sometimes, into twos. The operating principles of this section are twofold, spatial and musical. The dancers always move on the diagonal, so as to reshape what is basically a brutally horizontal field of action into a delicious carousal of angles. And the groups move forward and back on consecutive phrases, so that each quadrille is divvied up into the left and right hand of a piano score. The steps of the last two dances are enlarged versions of the first, but now we see them performed as a reel instead of a square. The reel itself is exposed from two perspectives: on diagonals and, at the beginning of the last dance, in a straight line perpendicular to the audience.

With its strict adherence to the folk idiom's limited range of movement and its dependence on group pattern and

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weight to achieve variety, *Le Tombeau de Couperin* is in many ways the most conceptual ballet Balanchine has ever done. Many of his ballets define their boundaries and rules of play as they are being played, but *Le Tombeau* presents them to us as a prearranged story. How Balanchine arranges the groupings so that each has a different weight and how he arranges the multitude of promenades and ladies' chains so as to make each one unique are as much of the story as are the dancers' exquisite manners and the ballet's ambience of graciousness and high spirits.

Le Tombeau poses and answers questions relating to the very core of form, and there's no getting away from them. The ballet compels one to recognize that the first dance would look flatter and feel heavier if the squares were not tilted into diamonds; to see that, in the second dance, the difference between parallel diagonals and crossing diagonals is the difference between the public and the domestic. One must marvel at Balanchine's ability to juggle between those worlds without snagging the ballet's fleet pace. Similarly, one must notice the delicate balance between vernacular and classical language. The gentlemen's handshakes would be a breach of idiom were they not immediately returned to the fold by the women's little hops in *attitude avant*. One begins to see also that bent legs are cozy and content; straight legs are for traveling. Bent legs belong to *Tombeau* in its circular mood; straight legs to its linear, more public side.

One must notice all these things, if only on a subconscious level, because Balanchine presents them as transparently and persistently and rationally as do many of the better conceptual, minimalist choreographers of the latest *avant-garde*. *Le Tombeau* sets itself tasks (to borrow the lingo of the New Dance) and follows along quite rigid procedural lines. One could diagram it, perhaps computerize it. But oh the differences: it's entertaining; it's complicated, *very* complicated. If *Agon* smiles, *Le Tombeau* laughs. A yet more telling difference, I think, is that one of *Le Tombeau*'s key formal characteristics is also its great dramatic thread: when will the two quadrilles become one? In the second and third dances Balanchine works them closer and closer together, and when in the last dance the ladies finally chain across the dividing line, the ballet suddenly pops into full bloom. The welding of formal and expressive elements is one of Balanchine's great gifts to all people for whom Humanism is still an ideal. Where, except in Balanchineland, can one experience circles and lines as moods?

Le Tombeau is also full of irrational pleasures, and I love it for that too. Somewhere in the middle of the last dance everybody lines up again for a reel, and Judith Fugate, at the head, walks down between the rows to meet her partner at the other end. She walks on *pointe*, daintily yet with a piquant sting in her legs. Perhaps that moment connects with Ravel in a particularly insightful way. Perhaps it encapsules in two seconds flat why ballet is done on *pointe* and why Balanchine's contra dances are so much spicier than their models. Or perhaps it's wonderful because Fugate's strut is a charming apologia for exhibitionist dancing. One imagines hearing a raucous caller, or thigh slapping from her peers, as accompaniment to her little journey down the path, and the strange mingle between court and country, Fugate's modesty and pride, is irresistible. It's easy to see how that moment fits into the entire ballet, but just how Balanchine infiltrates an intimation of twang into such an elegant figure is a mystery. The mystery of that moment, the intangible thrill of it, will keep me coming back fresh to *Le Tombeau* time after time after time.

Out of the last program's enormous mound of ballets, a record-breaking and at times head-splitting nine, there emerged Jacques d'Amboise's best piece of work yet, a reserved and controlled duet called *Sarabande* for Francis Sackett and Kyra Nichols, who joined the company last year; and Robbins' most interesting piece for the Ravel season, *Chansons Madécasses*—most interesting if only because the easygoing nobility with which Patricia McBride and, above all, Helgi Tomasson negotiate Robbins' self-conscious notions of simplicity mark them two of the most versatile and heroic dancers in the world, and mark Robbins a veritable genie for being able to persuade a convincing anti-Balanchine style out of two of Balanchine's most sympathetic instruments. *Chansons Madécasses* and *Ma Mère l'Oye*, from the second program, are quintessential Robbins. They are beautifully paced and spaced, terribly manipulative. *Ma Mère* is an in-joke, the kind of ballet that gets undermined by serious-minded, truly radiant dancing. By taking her princess role to heart, Muriel Aasen nearly wrecked the comic intentions of *Ma Mère*'s last scene. *Chansons Madécasses* is another of Robbins' diddlings with contemplative movement. Its stillnesses and queer haiku gestures are always handsome, but the ballet is more bloated than pregnant with meaning. Alienation between the spectator and the action sets in sooner or later; sooner or later one begins to ponder how long it took Robbins to arrange the groupings of potted palms.

The last program also presented the bulk of Balanchine's work for the festival—*Le Tombeau, Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* (a solo for McBride), *Gaspard de la Nuit, Tzigane* and *Rapsodie Espagnole*. My reactions to the last three changed so violently every which way from the first viewing to the second that I'd better postpone comment, but obviously none of them is in the class of *Le Tombeau* or *Sonatine* (from program one). These two are the most classically based of all the Ravel-Balanchines, a coincidence I think not accidental. In them one feels the weight and integrity of the individual step. In *Tzigane, Rapsodie* and *Shehérazade* (from program two), mannerism substitutes for the *pas* or, rather, mannerism fails to take on the stature of the *pas*. The Orientalisms and prickly angularities so well suited to Stravinsky's rhythm, color and wit slide around and off Ravel's music into an uncomfortable

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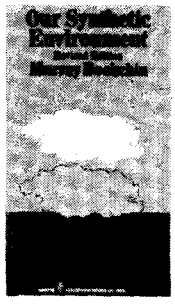

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isolation. The festival did not definitely prove that Ravel is undanceable, but rather that Balanchine, for the most part, did not find the right dance. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

There are two kinds of artists' co-operative gallery: those that are artist-owned and -run and those that are artist-owned but managed for them. The ones staffed entirely by artists make demands on their members, such as sitting in the gallery regularly, but they have an aura that is missing in the managed galleries. The ones with hired staff occupy a place on an organizational spectrum somewhere between the "pure" co-op and the real commercial gallery. In a commercial gallery the ultimate choice of artists rests of course with the dealers, though some of them can be influenced by their artists. In a co-op the artists choose one another, and whether there is a stylistic link between them or not, there is a sense of rapport which may be illusive but is real. In the managed co-op this sense is weaker: though they may begin as "pure" co-ops, as their management passes into other hands they begin to resemble commercial galleries.

Here follow co-ops of both kinds, starting with the "pure" type. These include 55 Mercer, A.I.R. (97 Wooster Street), Soho 20 (99 Spring Street), the Bowery Gallery (135 Greene Street), the Prince Street Gallery (106 Prince Street), and 14 Sculptors (75 Thompson Street). A.I.R. and Soho 20 are devoted to women artists and 14 Sculptors, obviously, to sculpture. Bowery and Prince Street Galleries concentrate on realism, realism of a particular cast: the artists pursue a deliberately "humble" imagery of rooftops, shelf still lives and semi-expressionist portraits of one another. 55 Mercer is owned and staffed by artists but without any sexual-social or socio-stylistic predispositions, as are the joint Cloud and Pleiades Galleries (152 Wooster Street).

The managerial form of co-op is typified by 431 West Broadway and Second Story Spring Street (167 Spring Street). (There are co-ops in midtown Manhattan and in Brooklyn, but for the present I am keeping my examples to Soho.) Unlike artist-run co-ops, which tend to rely on New York residents because of the need to staff the gallery, they welcome out-of-town members. At West Broadway the thirty-six members each pay $800 a year for a one-artist show and two group shows. At Second Story Spring Street the twenty-seven members each pay $750 for the first year and $650 for the second, which buys a one-artist show and several group shows. Publicity and "the services of a full-time gallery manager" (to quote the gallery's contract) are included.

The costs of artist-staffed galleries are lower. The annual dues at A.I.R., Prince Street, 14 Sculptors, and Cloud/Pleiades, for example, are $300 (with entry fees that run from $120 to $250). At 55 Mercer the dues are $240 and at Soho 20 they are $360, with a $150 entry fee. At all these galleries artists are obliged to sit with varying frequency according to membership numbers, which average out at about twenty; hence the name of the Soho 20 Gallery. In addition, each artist pays the costs of her or his one-artist exhibition: printing, mailing, trucking, etc. Incidentally, in an earlier report on co-ops (*The Nation*, October 9, 1972) the annual dues at 55 Mercer and A.I.R. were recorded as respectively $150 and $250.

What is the reason for the proliferation of co-ops? It happened once before in New York, in the 1950s, when a group of artist-run galleries was centered on and around East 10th Street. This was at a time when American artists felt, rightly, that they were neglected by the uptown galleries, and so decided to arrange their own exhibitions. A great many of these artists were absorbed into the uptown galleries and this wave of co-ops subsided. The reasons for the present revival include artists' dissatisfaction with the commercial galleries which, because of a large intake of artists in the 1960s, now constitute a bottleneck in distribution. They cannot exhibit many more artists and it is to their financial advantage to promote the artists they already have. This situation is exacerbated by the fact of artists' increased self-awareness of themselves as a group. They initiate the art and produce it and then lose control of it in a complex market. Hence the gallery bottleneck and the self-identification of artists as an interest group coincide. One result is the co-op, in which artists not only have an assured exhibiting schedule but greater control over their work.

Another way in which the commercial galleries can be circumvented is by using the studio as a gallery. A series of annual exhibitions, "10 Downtown," has just completed its eighth cycle. Each year ten artists open their studios to the public for several weekends in May. The interest of seeing the authentic workplaces compensates for the occasional difficulty in locating them. This year the studios spread from Franklin to 24th Streets and from Sullivan to Eldridge. The emphasis, that is to say, was on Soho in this as in earlier years. Each year the artists choose their successors and certain threads can be traced through consecutive years, such as the artists, one each in 1969, 1970 and 1971 who all had lofts in the same building. Such social links are normal; the point is to add a sufficient number of alternative paths to the main traffic routes to which the commercial market has been restricted.

"10 Downtown" preceded the first co-op in Soho, 55 Mercer, which opened in January 1970. It is clear that the original impulse to organize it came from a sense of exclusion from the established art world. Similarly, 55 Mercer grew out of the dissenting view of art galleries expressed at meetings of the Art Workers' Coalition in the late 1960s (and which resulted in a reformist manifesto of unenforceable rigor). The problem of the dealers will not be solved by abolishing them, as the AWC called for, but by reducing their exclusivity. That is precisely the aim of co-ops and "10 Downtown."

There is a good deal of turnover in co-ops as members, like some of the earlier "10 Downtown" artists, enter commercial galleries. And the co-ops encounter considerable resistance as organizations, inasmuch as dealers have been the habitual route to live artists. For instance, it was two years before *The New York Times* reviewed an exhibition at A.I.R. However, the present co-ops seem settled on what is probably a firmer political base than were those of twenty years ago. The problem is what the new managerial form of co-op will contribute. The president of Second Story Spring Street has spoken of rationalized marketing in opposition to the mystique of uptown selling. It is true that managerial co-ops are usually better looking than the artist-staffed ones, but tidiness isn't everything. It is indisputable that the exhibitions that have given the neighborhood its interest as a place to see art, that have made the difference, are those staffed by artists.

At present none of the managerial galleries has artists of the caliber of the "pure" co-ops. Nonetheless it is the former group that recently organized a Festival of Co-ops and is pushing for future joint action. If the first co-ops in the 1950s suffered from external attrition, the new ones face internal division. The proven excellence of one group could be made to appear elitist compared to the activism of the other, which, in its turn, could be made to seem pushy and commercial. The situation will be clarified next season. □

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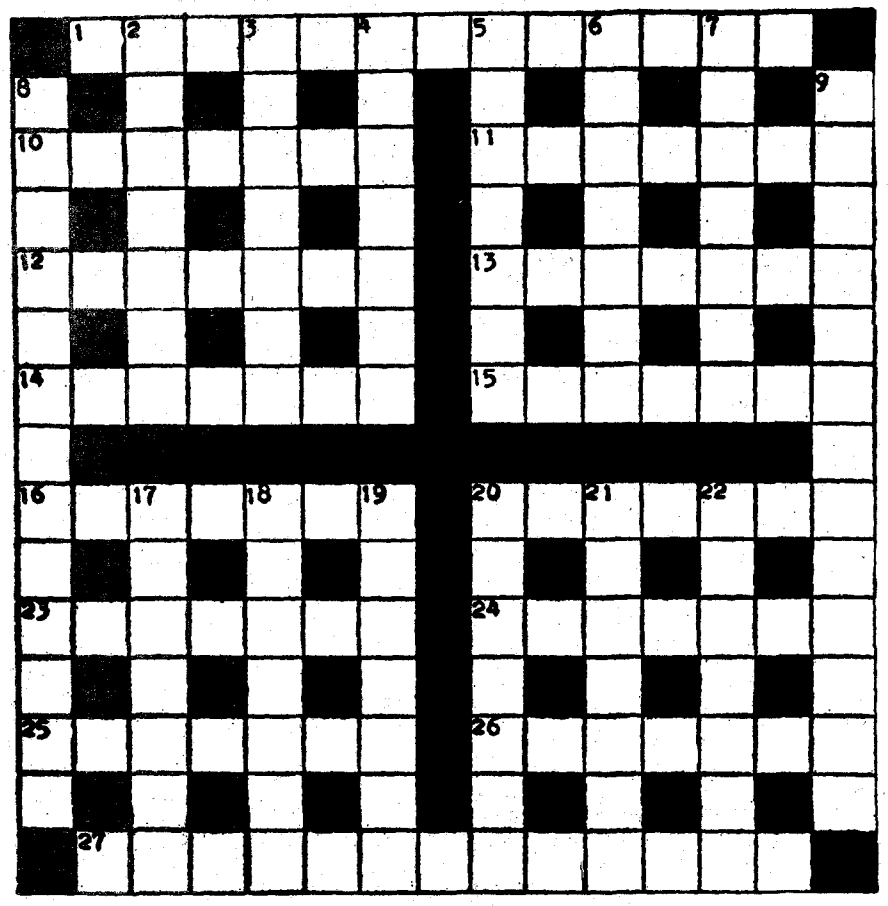

ACROSS

1 One should auger best of all, and want to get started.....(5,2,3,3)
10 ..... and one might augur well, if told to be good. (7)
11 A parent is about to hold the winner at Actium. (7)
12 Following one of the things that make residue? (7)
13 The main turning point to one rhyming with squash? (7)
14 Standards set by junior officers. (7)
15 Dish that returns the title to the emperor. (7)
16 How some bad nails are not stored away. (7)
20 Jack-low combination, but you might need more than one shot with it. (7)
23 Just a tumble-down place of spiritual association. (7)
24 One aspect of Locarno pertains to a kind of luminous light. (7)
25 The band may carry the show, but it's frequently changed. (7)
26 Sauce that could be taken by degrees in a tortilla. (7)
27 A flier that went to school? (It should take experience to make one.) (8,5)

DOWN

2 Proves a nuisance when her airs alter it. (7)
3 Tom might be in a state, briefly, having the habit. (7)
4 How one behaves in the evening? (7)
5 An acute ache really shows up the head of the class! (7)
6 Gets up to look around what we all were, and gets dressed. (7)
7 It might be necessary to get a second-hand organ. (7)
8 If the radio program drifts, it might be the direction of the speaker is wrong, getting this. (3,3,7)
9 Fish stories might be, but mumps make it. (4,2,7)
17 Hospital patients might be so headed, as one makes an advance. (7)
18 Was the speech of the Spartans? (7)
19 What the fastest gunman gets to allow a tiny bit of water in the fall. (7)
20 Found and ate cold hash. (7)
21 Old Indian or French name for an animal. (7)
22 With such, is the up-keep criticized? (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1589

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Live and let live; 9 Mints; 10 Lacerates; 11 Taste buds; 12 Emery; 13 Dribble; 15 Scolded; 17 Engorge; 19 Radials; 21 Capet; 23 Impeached; 25 Scientist; 27 Set down; 28 Decamps. DOWN: 1 and 18 Limited edition; 2 and 22 Vanishing point; 3 Aisle; 4 Delouse; 5 Locusts; 6 Torpedoed; 7 Istle; 8 Essayed; 14 and 26 Burst into tears; 16 Diaphragm; 17 Encases; 19 Reputed; 20 Sadists; 24 Aztec.

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A CASE IN POINT

THE NATION **MARCH 8, 1975**

The Fire-Fighter's Detente
IS THIS A FOREIGN POLICY?

DAVID V. EDWARDS

The United States desperately needs a foreign policy—not a *new* foreign policy, *a* foreign policy. The recent brouhaha over the possible use of force in the Middle East to guarantee oil for the West, the fascination with Henry Kissinger's inner drives, the rush to condemn or defend our meddling in Allende's Chile, the moral exhaustion over our role in Indochina that seems unending—all these media phenomena and cocktail circuit topics seem to have prevented us from realizing that the United States no longer has a foreign policy.

In recent years, there has been growing criticism of American foreign policy—as if we had one. It is not, as some say, that American policy is bankrupt—there are no real assets left at all, but only liabilities masquerading as pieces of policy.

The responsibility lies first, of course, with the Secre-

Newsday
MARCH 31, 1975

Editorials

After Vietnam, What Foreign Policy?

For the past third of a century, American foreign policy has been defined by what it was against. During World War II it was against Nazism in Germany, fascism in Italy, imperialism in Japan. After that war, the enemy was communism wherever it reared its head: in the Soviet Union, Guatemala, Cuba, Chile, China, Berlin, Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia. But as the French scholar Raymond Aron has pointed out, "Not only the cold war, but the entire postwar era came to an end with Nixon's first term, his visits to Peking and Moscow and the winding up of the Vietnam War." The problem of American foreign policy today is that being against communism is no longer enough. Yet there's no consensus on what we're for.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
APRIL 5, 1975

Reversals Abroad Strain U.S. Policy

By Lawrence Mosher
FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

NEVER HAD Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger acted so hesitantly. Never did American foreign policy appear so defeated in so many parts of the world. And never did Congress appear to care so little. Or so it seemed in the nation's Capital last week.

The news was bad enough: Another Dunkirk in Da Nang. Cambodia falling. Portugal going Communist. Mideast diplomacy in shreds. And over it all hung this question: Are these the signs of a floundering America, or are they the painful

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